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The Week

THE fighting Sixty-ninth Congress died with its boots on. Its closing hours, particularly in the Senate, were marked by acrimonious debate in the course of which half a dozen men in turn accepted the responsibility for refusing to permit important bills to go through. As a result, the short session came to its end with several urgently needed measures unpassed. Among them were the Second Deficiency bill and the Alien Property bill. A $30,000,000 appropriation for World War veterans was lost, fears were expressed lest it should be necessary to cut 15,000 men off the army pay-roll, and there is still doubt as to where funds are to be obtained to pay pensions during the spring and summer. Senator Borah's proposal that the Foreign Relations Committee should investigate our relations with Mexico and Nicaragua was lost, as was the resolution for an investigation of hydro-electric power company financing. About the only measure which slipped through in the final jam was the bill reorganizing the prohibition unit, making it a separate division in the Treasury and putting all enforcement agents under Civil Service. The only other important measures passed by the short session were the McNary-Haugen bill, and the McFadden branch banking measure. The former was passed in the confident expectation of a Presidential veto—which it received; and the latter got through only because of a political deal arranged by Vice-President Dawes, in which votes for farm relief were traded for votes for bank relief. As usual, the bank relief turned out to be real, that for the farmer fictitious.

THE chief struggle in the closing hours of the session was between Senators James A. and David A. Reed, of Missouri and Pennsylvania, over the investigation of primary frauds in the latter state. The western Democrat wanted this investigation to be conducted by his Committee, which has already done such fine service, during the interval before the Seventieth Congress. The eastern Republican conducted his filibuster because he wanted the investigation to be held, if at all, by the regular Senate Committee on Elections, some time after next December—a lapse of time which would make any real inquiry far more difficult, if not impossible. We do not know what were the motives which caused the Pennsylvania Senator to act as he did. We are reluctant to believe the Washington gossip which says that Vare has threatened, if he is ejected from the Senate this time, to take his colleague's seat for himself in 1928. We do believe, however, that Senator Reed has done something which, when the heat of battle has cooled, he will be ashamed of to the last day of his life. Vare's victory in the primary, and his election in November, were accompanied by the grossest, most palpable fraud—much of it already a matter of official record; and an investigation thirteen months after the event is tantamount to no investigation at all—even if the Senate Committee on Elections were honestly zealous to get at the facts, which is a highly improbable supposition.

WHEN, early last summer, the first session of the late Congress ended, it was a matter of general comment that during its deliberations the prestige of Senator Borah had waned and the prestige of Senator Reed of Missouri had waxed. The observation was at least in part true. Senator Borah had sacrificed the session to a fight against the entrance by this country into the World Court, and the ex-

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treme to which he had carried this fight had injured his general usefulness and alienated some of his best friends. Senator Reed, on the other hand, had profited by his able and aggressive handling of the Senate investigation into the primary elections. His increased prestige had, of course, the inevitable result. People, including Mr. Henry L. Mencken who is not one of the people, began to talk about him as a Presidential candidate, and Mr. Reed himself evidently liked the idea. But, unfortunately, he could not pose as possible President without ceasing to be reckless Jim Reed. He began to be cautious and reticent and to calculate where the delegates would come from. He gave himself away more completely by joining his own party in Congress in conniving at President Coolidge's policy in Mexico and Nicaragua. During the recent session he has lost much of the prestige which he acquired in 1926. Senator Borah, on the other hand, has been the leader in the fight against the imperialism of the State Department and he has assumed the position at very considerable personal cost to himself. But by so doing, he has reinstated himself in the opinion of the minority of his fellow-countrymen who are opposed to a foreign policy which rests on coercion.

FOR the moment there is a lull in the storm, as regards China, Mexico and Nicaragua. Heavy rains have temporarily postponed the decisive battle which is expected to decide the fate of Shanghai and perhaps of the Peking government as well. In general, the Chinese situation remains about as it was. In regard to Mexico, there is, as we go to press, no confirmation of rumors that the Mexican Ambassador to Washington has been relieved of his post because of complaints from our State Department that his office has been a fountain-head of propaganda concerning the oil dispute. As to Nicaragua, we continue to land fresh troops, and to extend our "neutral zones" in a fashion to embarrass the Liberals who, as things are, cannot continue the struggle much longer. Let no one deceive himself, because of the momentary quiet, in regard to our Latin-American relations. The most dangerous period of all is that just ahead. The Borah resolution to keep the Foreign Affairs Committee on guard during the recess did not pass; and for the next nine months the President and the State Department will be able to do just about as they please, with no one to say them nay. Public opinion will be muzzled because the administration will be able to put its own interpretation on events and have that interpretation reflected in the greater part of the press. It is a prospect which causes well justified misgivings.

THE Supreme Court has handed down an important decision declaring unconstitutional the Texas law which forbids Negroes to vote in Democratic primaries. As everyone knows, the Democratic primary in Texas is more important than the final election itself, and refusal to permit Negroes to vote in the former amounted to disfranchisement. This is substantially the view of the Court, which, in a decision read by Mr. Justice Holmes, held the statute unconstitutional on the ground that it contravenes the Fourteenth Amendment, as well as the Fifteenth. Needless to say, the victory for the Negro is more apparent than real. Texas will undoubtedly find some other way to maintain this disfranchisement. Every other southern state continues to keep the polls for the white race, either by property and literacy qualifications or by intimidation. No other state, however, so brazenly admitted the existence of the humiliating condition as did Texas. Aside from its importance as setting a precedent of federal authority over state primaries, the Supreme Court decision will break down one more barrier to the growing racial self-respect of the Negro.

A PROPOSAL is now before the New York State Legislature which is frightening a number of staid and respectable gentlemen, including Mr. C. D. Hilles of the Republican National Committee, into conniption fits. New York, astonishing to say, contains a number of persons who dislike prohibition; and on behalf of some of them, a resolution has been introduced in the State Legislature calling for a national constitutional convention for the purpose of trying to get rid of the Eighteenth Amendment. The proposal was of course purely political in character, and not intended to be taken too seriously. However, someone dug up the fact that in the past quarter-century or so, twenty-eight other states have, at one time or another, and for one reason or another, asked for a national constitutional convention. Only one of these requests, that of Nevada, has been made since prohibition and because of it. The others for the most part referred to proposals which have since been brought about, such as woman suffrage or the income tax. However, Article V of the Constitution does not say that all requests for a convention must deal with the same issue, nor does it put any time limit on the validity of such an appeal. It merely says that the Congress, "on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments." Two-thirds of the states means thirty-two. If New York and three others should now pass resolutions demanding a convention, Congress would find itself in an extraordinary dilemma.

THIS is the prospect which has so alarmed Mr. Hilles and his friends. They predict, with chills and perspiration, that, if the people of the United States ever get their hands on the sacred Constitution, it will be scattered to the breeze, and the red flag hoisted over the White House. They have communicated their terror to some of the ardent wets, who have promptly abandoned the New York state resolution and are repenting, on their knees, that they ever consented to have anything to do with

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it. We think the timid gentlemen are needlessly apprehensive, and on two counts. We doubt whether there is any genuine likelihood of a constitutional convention in the near future; but if one should be called, we do not anticipate any such destruction of the sacred document as these timorous souls foresee. Everyone, except those with an occupational disease which prevents their admitting the truth, knows that the Constitution is in some aspects a badly antiquated document. If the people of the United States are not now fit for the task of repairing it, when and under what circumstances may we expect that they will develop the necessary capacity?

WHEN Governor Smith of New York was fighting the proposal to grant licenses to private companies for the use of Niagara and St. Lawrence water power, and when the progressives in Congress were trying to hold off schemes to pass Muscle Shoals out to privately owned utilities, the cry of the utilities spokesmen was that the guardians of the public interest were delaying the development of these useful sources of hydro-electric power, and that in order to avoid delay the utilities' plans must be accepted. Now the shoe is on the other foot. Under the reorganized state government of New York, Governor Smith has a deciding voice in the matter of water power, and has been pressing his scheme for a public power authority on the Republican legislature, which refuses to accept it and thus causes delay. In Congress, the utilities spokesmen did not scruple to filibuster against the passage of the Boulder Dam bill, which left the way open for public ownership, although the filibuster delayed not merely the power project but the highly necessary flood control. The truth seems to be that the utilities are so afraid of public competition in power generation that they will go to any length to prevent it. Publicly owned plants would pretty surely show up their tremendous profits. The valuation theory which they have brought the Courts to accept, in such instances as the Indianapolis water case—spot reproduction cost—is based on monopoly value and ignores potential competition by publicly owned systems, as is masterfully shown by Donald R. Richberg in his article in the February Harvard Law Review, entitled Value—by Judicial Fiat. If rates are to be set on the basis of such values, it would be ruinous to the utilities to permit the public to compete with them.

THE second trial of former Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty and former Alien Property Custodian Thomas W. Miller did not have the happy ending, for the defendants, of the first. The jury, after a record-breaking deliberation, found Colonel Miller guilty. They disagreed as to Mr. Daugherty by the narrow margin of eleven to one, the majority being in favor of a conviction. Colonel Miller has announced an appeal; and the case against Mr. Daugherty was dropped by Federal District Attorney Emory Buckner, who evidently, and in our opinion properly, felt that further expenditure of time and money in the effort to convict Mr. Daugherty would be unwarranted. The latter must feel that his acquittal is a pyrrhic victory. In both trials, a majority of the jurors believed him guilty, and he was saved only by the stubbornness of a small minority—in the second case, a minority of one. The two prosecutions resulted in spreading across the newspapers of the country some valuable information about the way in which public business was conducted in the Harding era. This information confirms, and justifies, the criticism expressed by the New Republic and others, when the exposures were first made by the Senate investigating committees. Taken with the Fall-Doheny verdict of the Supreme Court a few days ago, it utterly explodes the myth, so persistently repeated by faithful Republican politicians and editors, that the revelations were political in purpose and were without any substantial basis in fact. We now wait, with interest and impatience, for these Republican mouthpieces to come forward and say, "We were wrong. We admit it. We apologize to the millions of our fellow citizens whom we so grossly misled on one of the outstanding issues of a generation."

IT IS reported that in spite of the warnings of building financiers, new construction is being planned in large quantities because of two factors—the speculative builders are so deeply involved in credit that they have to keep up their activities to avoid losses in liquidation, and the material supply houses have such large stocks and plants that they are willing to lower prices a great deal in order to encourage production. If this should result in better and cheaper housing for the lower-income classes it would be a boon, but if it should lead merely to more overbuilding of expensive structures it will only postpone and exaggerate the eventual crash. Meanwhile it is interesting to note the semi-annual survey of the real estate market recently published by the National Association of Real Estate Boards. Of cities of over 500,000 population, 67 percent report less activity in the market than last year, 22 percent the same, and only 11 percent more. In cities between 200,000 and 500,000, the corresponding percentages are 56, 22 and 22. The slackening is particularly noticeable in the North Atlantic and Southeastern regions. Of cities of over 500,000, 100 percent report overbuilding of apartments, 63 percent report overbuilding of business buildings and 100 percent report no shortage of them, while only 33 percent report overbuilding of single-family dwellings. Of the same cities, 46 percent report residential rents going down, 54 percent report stationary rents, and none reports rising rents. In all cities, the percentages on rents are: down 23, stationary 66 and up 11. Since the bulk of the construction work is in the larger cities, all this does not look hopeful for continuance of the building boom.

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THE most important piece of news from Great Britain in many a day is an item which, so far as we know, did not get into the newspapers at all. The British birth rate has now reached the amazingly low figure of 17.8 per year per thousand persons. The annual increase is now only 6.2 per thousand, which may be compared with our own increase of about eleven. The British rate is now smaller than that of France; contrary to popular belief, the stationary population of the latter country is not due to an abnormally small crop of babies—the rate is less than our own by only about three points—but to a shockingly high death rate, both for babies and adults. In recent years it has often been stated that Great Britain is largely overpopulated, with an excess perhaps as large as fifteen million persons. The statistics given suggest one possible answer to her predicament.

AN advertising agency advertises itself to possible clients as follows: "We have come across few more significant statements concerning the mission of advertising than this one by Harry Tipper:

> The final purpose of advertising is not to prove the comparative superiority of the article in competition. The object of advertising is to TAKE IT OUT OF COMPETITION, that it will no longer be compared but will be accepted by the buyer."

We suspect that this is true. Tear out a dozen automobile advertisements, check them against each other, and see whether they offer you any certain basis for preference. Most advertising is at the opposite extreme from the technique of comparative impartial test, which is the scientific method for serving the consumer's interest. Let us defenseless consumers see how strong a resistance we can set up against "accepting" any product which is so advertised as to "take it out of competition."

ANOTHER New York architect has a scheme for frenzied transporation to solve the traffic problem. Mr. Bob Lafferty would build a series of high pylon towers or buildings connected with air railways, over which would run cars resembling air-ships in appearance, at a speed of one hundred miles per hour. The present elevated railroads would be covered with glass and converted into automobile speedways. This system, he assures us, would cost 30 percent less than subways. Meanwhile, other architects go on planning tall buildings; ninety or one hundred stories are commonplace in the new gossip. We have another idea to suggest which is not so chimerical as Mr. Lafferty's. Every time a plan for a new building is filed, let the promoter be required to file another plan, showing where those who are to occupy it or visit it are to come from, and along what routes and by what conveyances. Let this plan be checked up for adequacy and compared with existing traffic densities. If it shows that new transit or transportation facilities are required, let the building permit not be granted before the promoter forks over an assessment sufficient to pay for the additional transit facilities.

When Is a Congress Not a Congress?

THE second and last session of the Sixty-ninth Congress has come to an end. When Congresses die, it is customary for editors to write obituaries of them, but the assignment in the present instance offers a more than usually depressing prospect. The late Congress resembled a dreary, timid, busy and distracted little man who had inherited the kingship of a great country. His biography would be the story of officious, shuffling, muddled incompetence. He would not be positively good or bad. He would just be no good. The most charitable thing to do about the recent Congress would be to pass it by in silence without even writing an epitaph for its gravestone.

It was elected in the fall of 1924, as a part of one of the most overwhelming victories which any party and any Presidential candidate have ever obtained in the history of the United States. A large majority in both Houses called themselves Republicans, and presumably their leaders knew what the voters had commissioned them to do and would proceed to do it. In one respect they knew and they did. They were pledged specifically to relieve the millionaire from the heavy taxes to which his income was still nominally subject; and this duty they performed loyally and unreservedly. But outside of reducing taxes, chiefly for the benefit of multi-millionaires, and passing the appropriation bills, the late Congress accomplished almost nothing. The huge majority which had brought Mr. Coolidge and itself into power was not moved by any unity of impulse, conviction or program. Congress, except in the case of tax reduction, refused to follow Mr. Coolidge's leadership. Neither was it able to develop any leadership of its own. Its several factions in both parties squabbled among themselves incessantly and fruitlessly; and when they did not squabble among themselves, they waged war on the President. They were, it is true, finally able to agree upon legislation to deal with the gravest economic problem of the moment, viz., the grievances of the farmer, but the only bill upon which they could agree was, as they well knew, one which Mr. Coolidge would be obliged to veto. The Sixty-ninth Congress was, consequently, helplessly and hopelessly sterile.

It conducted a number of useful investigations, but it did not know enough to undertake the one investigation which might have been most instructive. It failed to investigate itself. This was a grievous mistake. If its leaders had been aware of the injury which their legislative ineptitude was inflicting

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on the credit of the federal government and on the welfare of the nation, they would not have allowed even a filibuster to prevent them from setting up a joint self-searching committee. They would, indeed, have looked upon such an inquiry as the most important of their tasks. A legislative body which ignores its own serious faults is not likely by means of the most assiduous public hearings to find out what is the matter with the other organs of the body politic and to provide a remedy.

Members of Congress resent this kind of indictment as too sweeping. They are well aware how much conscientious, disinterested and intelligent work individual Congressmen and Senators perform in writing the appropriation bills, in preparing some of their speeches and in studying the effects of proposed legislation. They are also well aware that the average Congressman is individually a man of public spirit and at least as intelligent as the majority of his critics. But these retorts, while perfectly true, are irrelevant. There is nothing personal about the kind of criticism which the New Republic, for instance, sometimes applies to Congress. There are many admirable men (we wish we could say "and women") sitting in both Houses. Indeed, one of the most exasperating aspects of recent Congresses is their failure to turn the abilities of their members to good account. It seems incredible that so many men who are individually well meaning, hard-working and wide-awake should in their collective behavior so often be blind, helpless, factious and devoid of public spirit. Of course, the answer is that it is not their fault. As Congressmen and Senators they form part of a system which is breaking down.

The system whose breakdown is now being exposed is that of responsible two-party government. The leaders and members of both parties are not sufficiently united to their associates by common interests and convictions to form a homogeneous or disciplined organ of government. Nor are they sufficiently divided from their opponents to provide an alternative to one another. The Republican party, it is true, has a genuine function to perform. It is the chosen agent in politics of the business interests of the country, and as such it represents the ruling practical activity of American life. But the business interests of the country are united only in so far as their rule is attacked. Whenever they or their political agents have to deal with a question of positive national economic policy, they can rarely pull themselves together. They call themselves the constructive party, but they have recently shown themselves incapable of constructive legislation about the agrarian depression, the railroads, the coal industry, the public utilities or any subject of major economic importance. The Democrats, for their part, are equally incompetent to take advantage of Republican negligence and dissensions. Mr. McAdoo tried to put energy and meaning into the Democracy, as the aggressive opponent of a Republicanism which operated chiefly for the benefit of big business, but his party rejected him and his policy and preferred to nominate a candidate who in this respect was a good Republican. Since then, whenever the stand-pat Republicans agree, as they did upon the program of tax revision and upon the support of Coolidge in Mexico and Nicaragua, the Democrats agree too, but they agree with the Republicans; and when the Republicans differ from one another, as they do upon the McNary-Haugen bill and upon prohibition, the Democrats differ too, but they differ from one another rather than from the Republicans.

The government of the United States is a party government without party responsibility. It is a government by general consent, mitigated by general incompetence and negligence. Both parties are responsible for prohibition, and neither is capable of trying to modify the law without breaking to pieces. The party of Bryan no less than the party of Roosevelt has ceased to struggle against the paramountcy of big business in the political and economic life of the country. Yet both do so with an uneasy conscience and in spite of the opposition of a minority of their members. Both parties have for generations acted as if the more centralized organization of American economic and social activity required the assumption of increased political responsibilities by the federal government. Yet the leaders of both parties now declare that the federal government which through the courts protects wealth and business against attack should have as little as possible to say about the socialization of these activities. The organizations of both parties are afraid to engage in warfare about the really serious issues which divide American opinion. Any ferment which stirs the protoplasm of either party acts from the point of view of party cohesion as a destructive ferment.

This failure of responsible party government has a demoralizing effect upon the legislative activities of Congress. The dominant party, which is, of course, the Republican, has reduced its former rivals, the Democrats, to the position of accomplices. Barring accidents, it can hardly fail to win national elections, but it pays high for its victories. In order to neutralize its official opponents, particularly during Presidential campaigns, it had to domesticate in its own household many of its real enemies. Congress is divided not into parties, but into blocs within parties, and legislation depends, particularly so far as the Senate is concerned, chiefly upon log-rolling among blocs. The Republican steering committee during the closing days of the recent Congress was wholly incapable of transacting public business. The reckless tactics of Senator Reed of Pennsylvania in forbidding an effective investigation into electioneering corruption in his own state betrayed not only the desperation of a politician whose machine was threatened with a disastrous exposure but also the exasperation of a Republican regular, the management of whose party had in several notorious instances failed to meet what he took to be fair de-

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mands for patronage and protection. He was the victim of a morbid impulse to run amuck. When a party is as disorganized for purposes of legislation as the Republicans are at present, a legislative body which the party leaders ought to control but cannot, becomes the easy victim of the passions of its more violent members.

Be it admitted, consequently, Congress is not wholly responsible for its own legislative incompetence. It is accustomed to operate by means of disciplined parties, and it is not organized to operate without them. But although Congressional leaders can console themselves with this alibi, they cannot afford to be satisfied with it. Congress remains a semi-independent, self-conscious and extremely important organ in the national political body. If it wishes to preserve the respect of the community, it must show some understanding of its own ineptitude and some realization of its neglected power to govern itself. It is capable of exercising more self-control and showing more concern for its responsibilities than it now does. Some, at least, of its failures are traceable to easily remediable defects in its own composition and its methods of transacting public business. If these defects were cured, Congress, instead of advertising and increasing the general political disorganization of the country, might check its ravages and do something to win back its own gravely compromised prestige.

The needed improvements in Congressional make-up and procedure are more fundamental and less objectionable than the proposed alterations in the Senate rules. It would be unnecessary to impose additional limitations on freedom of debate in the Senate provided Congress would take the trouble to arrange for itself more control over its own time. The opportunity to filibuster under the existing Senate rules is created by the clause in the Constitution which requires that the second session of a Congress come to an end three months after it begins. If Congress would submit to the states the Norris constitutional amendment which starts the first session of future Congresses a few weeks after they are elected and starts their second session a full year before the two-years' term expires, unscrupulous Senators with special interests to protect, like Senators Phipps of Colorado and Reed of Pennsylvania, would no longer be able to hold up public business and prevent a majority of the Senate from legislating as it thought best. This particular reform has in one form or another been discussed for fully fifty years. It deals with a serious evil which impairs the representative value of Congress and hampers its practical efficiency. It is an essentially non-contentious remedy, and it does not involve any violation of tradition or any dislocation of existing interests.

The other suggested reform in Congressional procedure is more contentious, but it is no less essential. Many of the quarrels which disorganize the work of Congress are merely reflections of misunderstandings between Congress and the administration; and the most promising way for Congress to alleviate these misunderstandings would be that of authorizing cabinet officers to participate in its own proceedings. Any Congress at any time could try out this project by passing a joint resolution offering members of the Cabinet the hospitality of the two Houses for the purpose of answering questions urging or discussing administrative policies. This innovation has also been frequently suggested, and for two reasons it is becoming year by year increasingly necessary. Hitherto the task of coördinating the executive with the legislative branch has been confided to the party organizations. The recent relaxation of party discipline has increased the friction between the President and Congress. Yet it is more than ever desirable that the two functions should both check and supplement each other. For with the increased size of the country and the increasing complexity of its life, the administrative aspect of government necessarily expands and assumes many new functions, and this huge machine needs to be more carefully watched by Congress than ever, and held to more strict accountability. That is why Congress spends so much of its time in investigating the departments. But useful as these investigations are, a government cannot live on them or by their light. Congress and the administration need to cooperate in order to make investigation unnecessary, and how can they coöperate unless they arrange officially for mutual consultation and adjustment? A Congress which does not provide for improved coöperation with the Executive will never be able satisfactorily to govern itself or the United States.

The Constitution Shelters the Ticket Speculator

SPECULATORS in the City of New York dispose of more than two million theatre tickets annually. These represent over half the orchestra space at the first-class theatres. Trips to the box-offices, even weeks in advance, fail to produce a seat within the first fifteen rows. Until 1922 no limits were placed upon the greed of speculators. In that year the New York legislature declared that "the price of or charge for admission to theatres, places of amusement or entertainment, or other places where public exhibitions, games, contests or performances are held is a matter affected with a public interest and subject to the supervision of the state for the purpose of safeguarding the public against fraud, extortion, exorbitant rates and similar abuses," and provided for licensing and bonding ticket speculators. Section 172, the key to the entire legislation, prohibited speculators from charging more than fifty cents advance over the printed price. The New York Court of Appeals upheld the validity of the statute with but a single dissenting vote. The Supreme Judicial Court of Massa-

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chusetts, certainly a tribunal not lacking in respect for private rights, reported to the Senate of that Commonwealth that an act modeled on the New York statute would be constitutional. The business of ticket speculation has not, during the past five years, perished from the earth; it has not even been seriously curtailed. But we now learn from the vote of five judges of the United States Supreme Court, in the case of Tyson and Brother vs. Banton, that during the whole of that period Section 172 deprived ticket-scalpers of their property without "due process" of law. This time Mr. Justice Sanford and Mr. Justice Stone joined Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis in dissenting.

The language of the Fourteenth Amendment does not, of course, furnish a yard-stick by which the validity of specific statutes can be measured. And if one thing in constitutional law is settled, it is that the due process clause does not confer on all business an immunity from all regulation. Those who have challenged legislative restrictions upon the rate of interest have met with scant encouragement. The Supreme Court has seen in the act of Parliament prohibiting usury an instance of "government regulation of a strictly private business in the interest of a public policy which still endures and still dictates regulating laws." Railroads, gas and water works, power plants, grain elevators, hotel keepers, taxicab operators, insurance companies, may all have their charges fixed by the legislature. It is indeed too late to contend that "service which cannot be demanded cannot be regulated." In fact, no one denies that places of amusement are subject to some regulation. Only three years ago every member of the present Supreme Bench concurred with Mr. Justice McReynolds that ". . . it cannot seriously be urged that the State lacked power to require licenses of those engaging in the business of reselling theatre tickets." And the Court has recognized that a race-course is "so far affected with a public interest" that it may be required to admit all persons having tickets, though the common law denies its obligation to do so. But, solemnly declares Mr. Justice Sutherland, it is not "so far affected" that its prices can be touched!

It was too much to expect that the Court would depart from its traditional technique of finding the answer to complex economic problems in a meaningless maxim of Lord Hale. To Mr. Justice Stone the formula "that only those businesses affected with a public interest may be regulated is but another way of stating that all those businesses which may be regulated are affected with a public interest. It is difficult to use the phrase free of its connotation of legal consequences, and hence when used as a basis of judicial decision, to avoid begging the question to be decided." Mr. Justice Holmes more vigorously characterizes it as "little more than a fiction intended to beautify what is disagreeable to the sufferers." But the fictitious character of the formula has proved its only justification. For the fiction has steadily yielded to the press of legislation necessitated by modern urban life. As late as 1914, Mr. Justice McKenna pronounced the power of the legislature to bring new classes of business within the sphere of price regulation to be vigorous and healthy. Only last fall, Mr. Justice Sutherland, in upholding a zoning ordinance, remarked that "regulations, the wisdom, necessity, and validity of which, as applied to existing conditions are so apparent that they are now universally sustained, a century ago, or even half a century ago, probably would have been rejected as arbitrary and oppressive." Now he finds that the absence, hitherto, of legislative restriction on theatre prices "persuasively suggests that by general legislative acquiescence theatres, historically, have been regarded as falling outside the classes of things which should be thus controlled." In November, 1926, the scope of application of constitutional guaranties "must expand or contract to meet the new and different conditions which are constantly coming within the field of their operation"; in February, 1927, they must be "applied as they are written." Zoning laws are constitutional, though Lord Hale knew them not; but since a theatre "does not meet this conception of Lord Hale's aphorism," its charges remain forever beyond legislative control.

It is not difficult to agree with the Court that a theatre differs from a stock yard or an insurance company. But insurance companies and stock yards also differ from each other. Both may be regulated because both have become vital to the community and because as to both "it is illusory to speak of a liberty to contract." In the case of theatre tickets free bargaining does not exist. And while it would be idle to contend that, even in New York City, theatres are as important to the community as are insurance companies, one may join with Mr. Justice Holmes in thinking that "to many people the superfluous is the necessary, and it seems to me that Government does not go beyond its sphere in making life livable for them." One thing may be asserted with confidence. The Court did not and could not cite a single precedent requiring it to hold that the power of the state of New York, which admittedly extended over the hotel room and the taxicab, stopped at the theatre door.

But perhaps the most significant point as to Mr. Justice Sutherland's opinion is that the question which he asserts to constitute "the real inquiry" in the case was in no way involved. The New York statute regulated the speculator, not the producer. Mr. Woods was left free to demand $50 for a sight of the Guitrys, if he pleased; Mr. Dillingham's box-office prices might extract the last penny from the public's desire to see. The legislature aimed merely to prevent a gouging of the theatre-going public by those who had monopolized the seat supply. The importance of this distinction was emphasized in the dissenting opinions of Justices Stone

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and Sanford. The majority deliberately evades it.

The largest portion of "police power" legislation which has fallen at the hand of the Supreme Court has consisted of statutes favoring workers in the regulation of industrial relations. It is natural that judges trained in a particular economic theory should look on such measures with alarm. But it is incomprehensible that Chief Justice Taft, who did not feel "that either on the basis of reason, experience, or authority, the boundary of the police power should be drawn to . . . exclude a minimum wage," should now overrule the judgment of a state legislature and of the most eminent of state tribunals on a minor question of legislative policy. Until recent years the Court could generally be counted on to take a liberal attitude toward statutes outside the labor field. That it sustained trading stamp legislation which many state courts rejected, is a striking example of this tendency. The last three years have witnessed a marked change. The Nebraska bread law, the Pennsylvania shoddy law, and now the New York scalping law, have been successively invalidated. Twelve years ago a unanimous court upheld the right of Florida to impose onerous restrictions on the shipment of citrus fruit, in order to maintain her good name in the orange market of the North. But when New York, to draw transients to her theatres, seeks to assure them that their seats will cost only a certain amount above the published price, the Fourteenth Amendment is said to stand in the way. The world will probably manage to worry along in spite of this decision. But certainly if the trend of the past three years continues, the due process clause will furnish an increasingly effective obstruction to every effort of legislature or city council. Has the Supreme Court forgotten its own preachment that "it must be remembered that legislatures are ultimate guardians of the liberty and welfare of the people in quite as great a degree as the courts"?

Editor's Note

The dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Holmes, referred to in the foregoing article, is as follows:

> We fear to grant power and are unwilling to recognize it when it exists. The States very generally have stripped jury trials of one of their most important characteristics by forbidding the judges to advise the jury upon the facts *(Graham v. United States,* 231 U. S. 474, 480), and when legislatures are held to be authorized to do anything considerably affecting public welfare it is covered by apologetic phrases like the police power, or the statement that the business concerned has been dedicated to a public use. The former expression is convenient, to be sure, to conciliate the mind to something that needs explanation: the fact that the constitutional requirement of compensation when property is taken cannot be pressed to its grammatical extreme; that property rights may be taken for public purposes without pay if you do not take too much; that some play must be allowed to the joints if the machine is to work. But police power often is used in a wide sense to cover and, as I said, to apologize for the general power of the legislature to make a part of the community uncomfortable by a change.
>
> I do not believe in such apologies. I think the proper course is to recognize that a state legislature can do whatever it sees fit to do unless it is restrained by some express prohibition in the Constitution of the United States or of the State, and that Courts should be careful not to extend such prohibitions beyond their obvious meaning by reading into them conceptions of public policy that the particular Court may happen to entertain. Coming down to the case before us I think, as I intimated in *Adkins* v. *Children's Hospital,* 261 U. S. 525, 569, that the notion that a business is clothed with a public interest and has been devoted to the public use is little more than a fiction intended to beautify what is disagreeable to the sufferers. The truth seems to me to be that, subject to compensation when compensation is due, the legislature may forbid or restrict any business when it has a sufficient force of public opinion behind it. Lotteries were thought useful adjuncts of the State a century or so ago; now they are believed to be immoral and they have been stopped. Wine has been thought good for man from the time of the Apostles until recent years. But when public opinion changed it did not need the Eighteenth Amendment, notwithstanding the Fourteenth, to enable a State to say that the business should end. *Mugler* v. *Kansas,* 123 U. S. 623. What has happened to lotteries and wine might happen to theatres in some moral storm of the future, not because theatres were devoted to a public use, but because people had come to think that way.
>
> But if we are to yield to fashionable conventions, it seems to me that theatres are as much devoted to public use as anything well can be. We have not that respect for art that is one of the glories of France. But to many people the superfluous is the necessary, and it seems to me that Government does not go beyond its sphere in attempting to make life livable for them. I am far from saying that I think this particular law a wise and rational provision. That is not my affair. But if the people of the State of New York speaking by their authorized voice say that they want it, I see nothing in the Constitution of the United States to prevent their having their will.

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On the Nicaraguan Front

How the American Intervention Looks to an Eye-Witness

THE Stars and Stripes float over the gardens of the dingy, ramshackle structure which serves as Nicaragua's White House. White- and khaki-clad American Marines and sailors are encamped in the palace grounds and in the fortress overlooking the dusty town of Managua. Marines have supplanted the conscripted, barefooted, disease-wracked and hungry-looking "mozos" as guards along the national railways which connect the capital, and the two important interior cities of Leon and Granada, with Corinto, the Pacific seaport.

Anchored in Corinto harbor, or cruising along the Pacific coast, are numerous American naval vessels, maintaining an effective surveillance over all visitors to this much discussed republic—which is about the size of New York state and has a population equal to that of Milwaukee. The Atlantic side of Nicaragua, almost inaccessible from the western slope except by way of the Panama Canal, is watched with even greater vigilance by the American Navy. There, Marines are fighting malaria-bearing mosquitoes in the swampy regions which Admiral Julian Latimer declared neutral zones as soon as Nicaraguan Liberal troops showed promise of besting the small Diaz forces in that region.

As this is written, Admiral Latimer is extending the neutral zones to sections of the interior near the west coast, where the roving bands of Liberals seem likely to overpower bands of Diaz conscripts. Marines take up their residence in these feverish areas, and clashes between two untrained, undisciplined, wretchedly led mobs of howling mozos are averted, or at least temporarily transferred to some other region, as yet unpacified by the Marines. When Liberals pop up in these communities, difficult of access from the capital, two American adventurers, piloting decrepit airplanes, hover over their detachments and endeavor to "persuade" them to give up the fight against the Diaz government, which the aviators serve.

Two Americans are training the Nicaraguan national guard, which is supposed to be a non-political constabulary, preserving order in a land where order is notoriously difficult to maintain. An appointee of the American State Department collects the customs of Nicaragua, as he has done for the last fifteen years. Another appointee of the American State Department disburses a considerable share of the customs receipts to Nicaraguans and foreigners deemed to have suffered losses during previous disturbances in this land of revolution—claims scaled down, in some cases, several hundred percent, by a commission the dominating members of which were appointed by the State Department.

Nicaragua's very powerful and very successful national bank is incorporated in the United States, and is conducted by an American manager, responsible to an American directorate. This manager has absolute control over the national currency, which remains on a parity with the American dollar in spite of political vicissitudes and the near bankruptcy of the national treasury—thanks to a very generous reserve kept on deposit with the Federal Reserve Bank in New York.

The equally successful national railroad, which, like the bank, is 100 percent owned by the Nicaraguan government, is governed by an American directorate and incorporated in the United States. An American firm manages the railroad, to the enrichment of the Nicaraguan national treasury.

Nicaragua's greatest asset—a remarkably favorable route for construction of an inter-oceanic canal which would shorten by several days the voyage between New York and San Francisco—is pledged to the United States, as are the almost equally valuable naval base at Fonseca Bay, and the Great and Little Corn islands.

To conclude the résumé of American activity in Nicaragua, one must mention that General Emiliano Chamorro, Nicaragua's finest flowering in the way of an old-time Central American dictator, is exiled to Paris, Madrid and London as envoy extraordinary, etc., solely because an aggressive American chargé d'affaires put him out of the presidency, which he usurped in January, 1926, in violation of treaties sponsored though unsigned by the United States. Presiding under the shelter of American guns is Don Adolfo Diaz, a Conservative of a milder hue than Chamorro, and the first Nicaraguan to ask for American intervention, back in 1912. The relations between Don Adolfo and the American legation are most sympathetic. Indeed, Don Adolfo has for many years favored a Platt amendment for Nicaragua and he lately asked a hundred-year offensive and defensive alliance, giving complete control over Nicaragua's finances, police, elections, sanitation and, at least to a degree, her education.

It is no secret that Don Adolfo owes his restoration to the presidency four months ago to American diplomatic intervention. There is much evidence to support the widespread belief that, with Chamorro out of the country, Dr. Juan Bautista Sacasa, deposed Liberal vice-president, would, for a time at least, occupy the presidency. He would not stay there long if Chamorro returned to Nicaragua, and it is quite probable that he would as sorely need the Marines to safeguard his hold on the presidency as

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does Don Adolfo today. So evenly divided are the Liberal and Conservative factions, and so bitter is the legacy of hatred growing out of generations of mutual oppression and efforts at extermination, that only a super-cruel and ruthless dictator can hope to subdue the opposition party and govern Nicaragua in a way that will keep off the military and naval intervention of foreign governments, concerned for the life and property of their nationals. One gets the impression that Chamorro alone qualifies for such honors, and it is hard to believe that the amiable and cultivated Don Adolfo or Dr. Sacasa could jail, execute and expropriate with sufficient vigor to pacify Nicaragua to a degree satisfactory to foreign governments.

Don Adolfo is indebted to the United States not only for his tenure of the presidency, but for his elevation to that office. He was, of course, formally elected by the Nicaraguan congress, but no one believes that he would have been summoned from his beautiful coffee finca in the hills above Managua if the politicos had been deliberating, say, several hundred miles from the American legation and its staff. It was an arbitrary choice of a Nicaraguan with a smaller public following than several other Nicaraguan leaders. But it was a natural one from the American point of view, since Don Adolfo genuinely sympathizes with American ideals and showed during his four years' incumbency of the presidency that he could and would coöperate with Washington in conducting Nicaraguan affairs.

Contrary to a view widely current among liberals outside Nicaragua, Dr. Sacasa and most of his Liberal colleagues are equally friendly to the United States, and would have given the same degree of coöperation had Washington chosen them as the instruments of government, instead of the Conservative faction. Dr. Sacasa sought just such coöperation from Washington in the months immediately following the coup d'état of General Chamorro which moved him to flee from Nicaragua. He wanted Washington to oust Chamorro and put him in the presidency. Just why Washington delayed almost a year, and then embraced Don Adolfo with such positive zeal, is not apparent to the Nicaraguan politicos of both factions with whom I have talked. The belated vigor of our support of constitutional government came as a tremendous surprise to Chamorro, Sacasa and many other Nicaraguans. Our unconcealed partiality to the Diaz forces in the struggle for supremacy, and the persistent proclamation of neutral zones, destruction of Liberal arms and ammunition, and interruption of Liberal communications, have, for the moment, tempered Liberal receptiveness to American coöperation. Yet confidential talks with most of the prominent Liberal politicians leave the impression that, should Washington undergo a change of heart and throw its weight behind a prominent member of that party, whether Sacasa or another, the Liberals would give just as ardent coöperation to Washington as do the Conservatives, who, for the moment, feel that their bread is buttered on that side. And the corollary is that the Conservatives would then raise their voices to high heaven, protesting American support of an unpopular candidate and party.

Despite Washington reports to the contrary, there is nothing to show that one party in Nicaragua is more friendly to the United States than is the other. Nor is there convincing evidence that one party is more pro-Mexican than the other. The Liberals are, of course, grateful for Mexican recognition of Sacasa and for moral and material aid received from Mexico in their effort to capture the government; but one gets the impression that they take it in about the same way that Turkey took Russian support—for the help it brought them at the time rather than as an enduring alliance or a communion of kindred souls.

There are individuals in Nicaragua, such as Don Adolfo, who are pro-American by deep conviction and by business and social ties. There are others, such as Salomon de la Selva, and other figures in the labor and liberal movements, whose associations make them ardently pro-Mexican. But by and large, the Liberals and Conservatives, collectively, are neither pro-American nor pro-Mexican. Association with politicians of both parties discloses few who are ardently pro-Nicaraguan. With the exception of a few idealists in both camps, the politicos, with disconcerting frankness, convey their primary concern for policies which will redound to their personal benefit, regardless of the effect upon Nicaragua. There is a saying about a certain family which has long enjoyed power and graft in Nicaragua, that their great regret is that the volcanoes are non-transportable. Otherwise they would sell them to foreigners for a pittance. I was unable to see why the aphorism should be confined to one family.

Strong intervention, therefore, readily wins applause from those who benefit thereby, and condemnation from those who are not bidden to the feast in the public treasury. Allowing for these considerations, the visitor finds less bitterness over the latest American intervention, among the Nicaraguan upper classes, than he does in other republics between the Rio Grande and the Panama Canal. The tiny labor movement in Nicaragua is, of course, strongly anti-interventionist. So far as the illiterate, half-starved, wretchedly clothed mozos are concerned, the men who are conscripted to do all of the fighting—and seldom paid the twenty-five cents per diem to which they are entitled for living expenses—I cannot discover that they have any sentiments in regard to the intervention or even to the contest in which they shed their blood so freely. Nicaragua has done so little for them that their minds are unable to grasp anything larger than a very personal relationship. Their fondest dream is somehow to accumulate sufficient worldly goods to look like the kind of Nicaraguan who ought not to be drafted by the roving press gangs.

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My note-books contain statements given me by several influential Liberal leaders, as well as by President Diaz and his associates, favoring prolonged American intervention. These interviews, it is true, come from professional men and planters of considerable wealth and important social position. Their life, liberty and property are in constant jeopardy in contemporary Nicaragua. It is still good form to imprison, or exile and expropriate, prominent members of the opposition. If, as in the case of Dr. Sacasa and Roman y Reyes, leading Liberal in the Solorzano cabinet, the opposition deems you sufficiently dangerous, your life is not worth very much. Sacasa saved his by flight when Chamorro took over the government; and Roman y Reyes was saved from death only by strong intervention on the part of the American minister. Chamorrists invaded a dance at the Managua Liberal Club and, in the presence of the American minister, British chargé, American collector and deputy collector of customs and the entire American colony, including the American ladies, the drunken mozos seized Liberal members of the cabinet and after debating whether to execute, via machete, on the spot, decided to march them off to jail. The record of the Liberals under Zelaya was equally cruel; so that each side has a legacy of injustice and hate, which it hastens to avenge as it comes to power. A mild Diaz or Sacasa is powerless to hold back his own faction from persecution of the despised opposition.

To Nicaraguan Liberals like Senator Victor Roman, brother of Roman y Reyes and Dr. Enoc Aguado, who would perhaps become president in an era of liberalism, a period of discriminating American intervention seems inevitable, as well as desirable, to tide Nicaragua over the present fever of highly personal politics and financial distress. They hold that only under a degree of American control can Nicaragua hope to obtain a large loan for consolidation of pressing debts, settlement of claims arising out of the present strife, construction of the much-needed railway to the Atlantic coast, building of a series of highways linking up the different sections of the country—many of them at present inaccessible during the greater part of the year—and the development of adequate instruments of government, such as a national constabulary. In outlining their views, these Liberals, of course, spoke personally and without authority from their party. High though they are in the party councils, I doubt if their views could be called representative. The more common view is to oppose intervention on the larger ground that it impairs the national sovereignty and to argue that the country must somehow struggle out of its difficulties free from alien guidance. In unguarded moments, this school of opinion talks of necessary loans, seemingly unmindful of the conditions imposed by the hated international bankers for the granting of these loans, which nearly every propertied Nicaraguan believes are desirable.

The Nicaraguan Liberal advocate of "intervention with reservations" explains his stand by pointing out that a fair election has never been held; that the military organization is political, and that neither faction has shown its ability to disburse public funds for the sole benefit of the nation, and without enriching the disbursing officers and their relatives and friends. With a blissful ignorance of Philadelphia and Chicago election practices, and of Fall and Doheny, these Nicaraguans tell you that they would be glad to see American supervision of the 1928 presidential elections and American control of the Nicaraguan national guard until it has been trained into a non-political police force monopolizing the military power of the country and at the service solely of constitutional authority. They concede that Nicaraguan interests would be served by rigid banker supervision of all disbursements for railway and highway construction. A sincere effort on the part of the United States to see that none of this supervision and support benefited either faction or gave exorbitant profits to the international financiers would be of tremendous service to Nicaragua, the interviewer is told.

I set this down as the considered viewpoint of prominent Liberals as well as of President Diaz and his associates. How these men would view actual intervention of that kind, is another story. The criticism which has accompanied the milder degree of intervention of the last fifteen years does not look auspicious. There are some unlovely pages in the history of that intervention. At least one of the diplomats identified with the penetration was an unscrupulous concession hunter himself and the activity of one or two other ministers and secretaries of legation is no credit to the United States. The Marines killed a number of Nicaraguans revolting against Diaz in 1912. From the point of view of a Nicaraguan, unused to dealing with large sums of money and unfamiliar with terms exacted from borrowers in unsettled and backward lands, the financial transactions between the bankrupt republic and Brown Brothers and J. and W. Seligman seemed extortionate. The critics have made no distinction between such unfavorable phases and useful services rendered Nicaragua by agents of the American intervention. As they paint it, it is all a black picture of greed and oppression.

This article does not undertake to discuss the ethics of intervention by a world power in the affairs of a small, faction-torn nation. The purpose is to record the intervention as it appears in Nicaragua today. That record would be incomplete without mention of numerous accomplishments of the intervention which, however unapparent to the man in the street, have been of benefit to Nicaragua. The customs have been collected with an integrity and efficiency hitherto unknown in Central America. Customs receipts promptly doubled, and all merchants were put on an equality in the importation of merchandise—a welcome change from the scandals

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of partisan administration. The severe pressure put upon penniless Nicaragua from citizen creditors, and foreign governments whose nationals demanded service on loans and damage awards, was eased by the interposition of the American State Department.

In the years between 1910 and 1917 these obligations and claims were a nightmare to Nicaragua, and the occasion for interference in Nicaraguan politics by several foreign powers besides the United States. An American-dominated claims commission examined 7,911 claims for damages alleged to have been suffered under Zelaya and the revolutionary governments which followed his deposal in 1909. It awarded $1,840,432 on claims for $13,808,161.

Fresh claims arising out of internal disorders so accentuated the difficulties that in 1917 the United States organized another mixed-claims commission to revise the debts and claims which, with interest, then amounted to $13,578,314.35. Included in this sum was a $6,000,000 6 percent loan contracted in England under very unfavorable terms in the last days of Zelaya in 1909. For this, the customs revenues were pledged, in spite of the fact that American claimants had already obtained a lien on the same revenues. The State Department prevailed upon the British creditors to accept 5 percent, thereby saving a large sum annually for Nicaragua, and scaled the entire debt and claims down to $5,304,386.21. Its award was accepted because the State Department was understood to underwrite the customs-house bonds issued in settlement of the awards—guaranteeing both principal and the parity of the unit, the cordoba, in which the bonds are issued, with the American dollar. One gathers that State Department responsibility toward holders of these bonds is a far more potent factor in its insistence on a stable government in Nicaragua than is "pressure from Wall Street"—since "Wall Street" has no loan in Nicaragua today.

The life and property of Nicaraguan citizens have been safer in periods of American occupation than at any other time in Nicaraguan history. Quite independently of the occupation, Rockefeller health-board doctors have materially reduced the ravages of hook-worm and other tropical afflictions, and have persuaded the Nicaraguan government to spend some money for sanitation and public health. Few of these services are well known to the Nicaraguan people, and still fewer are appreciated by them. Even the anti-hook-worm crusaders met with tenacious opposition in backward districts.

Nicaraguan opposition may be expected to increase as the occupation is prolonged; but as yet it is less manifest than is the hostility in other parts of Central America. The Central American press, very often inspired from Mexico, so one is assured, is loud in its condemnation of Yankee imperialism and officiousness. Students and trade unionists parade the streets of Guatemala and Salvador with anti-American banners, and hold mass meetings pledging their undying resistance to the extension of Yankee domination, and their sympathy with Nicaragua, Haiti and Panama. American business men whom I encountered in four of the Central American republics were a unit in reporting that the opposition to American activity in Nicaragua was expressed by refusal to buy from or sell to American traders, whenever some other foreigner could be favored. I have seen the books of one of the largest companies doing business in Central America. They bore eloquent testimony to this discrimination. The irony of the situation is that the favored non-American foreigners, with the exception of the Germans, have been more vociferous than the American traders in clamoring for firm action on the part of Washington. But the United States is alone held responsible for the course pursued in Nicaragua. Your Latin-conscious Central American will sell his coffee to a German or an English buyer if the price is anywhere near being equal, and he will buy a German sewing machine in preference to one coming from the country which he thinks is oppressing Nicaragua and may shortly intervene in his country. One hears no mighty cry for intervention from these American business men. In Panama one is given to understand that feeling against American activity in Nicaragua had much to do with refusal to pass the treaty which Washington desires ratified. It is doubtful if the treaty can be passed for at least a year, unless the infringements on Panama's sovereignty are considerably modified.

A canvass of the situation in Nicaragua and in Washington leaves one with the impression, however, that regardless of what the United States Senate may do with President Diaz's proposed hundred-year alliance (if it ever gets that far), the United States is to be in Nicaragua for many years to come—just as she remained there from 1912 to 1925, despite refusal of the Senate to pass treaties legalizing such a relationship. The danger to American lives and property—which was never more than that found in any region where armed, undisciplined, ignorant men are roving about the country—may subside; but American diplomacy will call for sympathetic governments in the region of the Panama Canal. Some day we shall be exercising our right to build a second canal through Nicaragua; and in the meantime Washington wants no "monkey business" on the part of the Nicaraguan authorities or any outside government.

Reduced to its lowest terms: Washington considers the Caribbean an American lake and it will tolerate no squalls in the lake region. This policy is beginning to dawn upon some of the more alert Central Americans. Considering it inevitable, they told me it would be rather humane on the part of Washington to enunciate its policy so unmistakably that foolish and ill advised politicians down there might be spared the pain and humiliation of running afoul of American interests. That is real politik. Central America may acquiesce, but let no American think that the banana belt likes what it has to abide by.

CARROLL BINDER.

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O'Neill: the Man with a Mask

EUGENE O'NEILL has ever walked alone, and seemed a stranger to those about him. While still unaware who and what he was, he suffered from this isolation and tried to destroy it by putting on a disguise of romantic adventure. In his photographs you will see a mask of arrogant disdain. The tortured dreamer's eyes, the tossed black head, with its streaks of white, the scowling, thunderous face, glimpsed at some formal dress rehearsal, escaping from praise, seem also to confirm the legend. But if you corner the playwright you will find him sorry and uneasy in his aloofness. And it may be that some flash of understanding will bring out, from behind the barrier, with a smile of doubting trust, the sensitive thirteen-year-old boy whom you recognize as O'Neill the poet.

Always thus hiding, always thus revealing himself, this Irish-American mystic, with his strange duality of being, has made his plays a projection of his struggles with the unmanageable universe. Their power and their tension, profoundly felt even by those who resist their implications, are the power of O'Neill's mind and the tension of his taut spirit, which are ever trying, like a pair of acrobats, to transcend themselves. Even the plays that fail to convince have a way of piercing the spectator in the ribs with some blade of vital truth. Those who are looking for diversion in the theatre cannot endure O'Neill's stark and desperate revelations. Revelation of weakness, fear, cruelty, self-pity, lust, bitterness and revolt of spirit. Revelation of control, tenderness, understanding, love and a passion for ideal beauty so secret that it has been slow to risk open expression. One used to hear the young sophisticates streaming out of the Provincetown, after The Hairy Ape, rejoicing that here at last is a cynical social analyst; here is our Strindberg. But one has more recently seen the lowbrows, after The Great God Brown, swept off their feet by the rush of those hidden tides of feeling which they have discerned flowing behind naturalistic surfaces. What will the audiences say when they see that great mystery, Lazarus Laughed, a wholly imaginary reconstruction of Lazarus's second life on earth, and recognize that the ironic fatalist has found a religious faith in life?

"I see Gene," said one of his friends, "in each new play that, like Lazarus, marks a turning point, surrounded by a crowd of O'Neills, who represent the skins and the personalities he has shed." It is salvation the agnostic playwright is seeking. One might trace his life like one of those dry southwestern roads where the Penitente Brothers have laid down the dead man they are carrying. O'Neill's plays are crosses. Follow the road he travels and you will often hear the sound of flagellation. Look and you will see that the whip is brought down by a tormented soul on his own back. But flowers grow on this desert track, and the mountains and the sunset lie "beyond the horizon."

No Pope was ever more vowed to his cult than this man of thirty-seven to his task as an artist. The tension of the strung bow, which his lithe body and physical movement reveal when he is swimming, as he likes to do every day for several hours, seems like the beauty of his brow and eyes to reflect some inward fixation. His veiled, proud look, which now yields to a kind of haggard discomfort and now to a boyish, grinning intimacy, only half conceals his incandescent imagination, his devouring, confident ambition to hit the stars. In spite of that high reputation which he is quite Irish enough to enjoy, there is nothing crystalized about him. He is a man in a state of growth, a man in a state of progression. Life has been quintessential and dear to him. What then has caused this passionate flow of himself into his works?

The obvious cause was a sharp blockade which arrested his career of raw life and threw him on his back in a tuberculosis sanitarium. His rapid, unmeasured movement over the face of the globe had been both a search and an evasion. Condemned to physical immobility, he suddenly came face to face with two men—the O'Neill he really was and the O'Neill he wished to be. He turned straight inward and bluntly asked himself where he was going. The answer was a phenomenal outburst of original dramatic work. O'Neill never does things by halves. When he drives a car it must be a high-powered machine which devours the miles like air. When he writes, he must try to reduce the mileage of experience by an equal velocity of movement.

That the child of a successful and talented actor should write plays seems natural enough. But that the son of James O'Neill, the matinée idol, who made his fifty thousand year after year by playing The Count of Monte Cristo across the continent, should have written plays that were not only unsuited to the popular stage of the hour, but deliberately proved the hollowness of romance, the impotence of aspiration, the falseness of sentiment, the tendency of life to cheat those who believe in it, requires some explanation. O'Neill's unconscious life is always appearing as the wrestling antagonist of the conscious. Born to love, he is so aware of the vulnerability of the ardent lover that he eyes the world with an almost animal suspicion, as if it would leap at him from behind. Born to the drive of the creative spirit, he has so feared impediment that he wears, on occasion, the mask of Dion, the unsuccessful creator. Born into security, ease, substance, he long repudiated them for danger, want and struggle.

Yet this man who in youth passed as a vagabond and a social rebel is, as revealed by his works and

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his own mature life, deeply bound to that human family which the psychologists find the base of our human existence. The themes of the stern father, the sheltering earth mother, the sons who fight for freedom are, like the theme of marriage, recurrent in the plays. From the fixed family base O'Neill departed on his wild adventures. From the spiritual grip of bonds of which he was unwilling to admit the strength he was precipitated into those ironic revolts which long dictated the shape of his work. O'Neill started with the twist of revenge. Life had made him glowing promises. Life failed to keep them. He would pay it back in its own coin for its betrayals.

Lately I saw O'Neill reading the early volumes of Proust. They called up for him in halting reminiscence—he speaks rather in pauses than in sentences—a hypersensitive little boy of six, a slight, straight figure, with enormous brown eyes which reflect a shy adoration—a little boy whom Shane, the son of Eugene, must strongly resemble. The lot of the son of James O'Neill was not more enviable than that of most actors' children, though James, being an Irish Catholic, handsome and gifted, had due regard for property and power. He invested his money in Connecticut real estate and chose for his wife a beautiful, pious girl from a convent. She never mingled in her husband's world, but she traveled with him, and made her existence and her children's subject to her tsar.

So life delivered Gene to Sarah, an English nurse, who fed him on murder stories from the papers, and for diversion took him to the Chamber of Horrors at the Eden Musée. Then, Sarah and her melodramas vanishing, life again delivered him, at seven, to the boarding school of some Catholic Sisters of Charity, succeeded by Christian Brothers. O'Neill has acute memories of the outbursts of hysterical loneliness that overtook him on every return to his rigid exile. Gazing afar upon a stage where an heroic figure strutted, toward a lovely distant mother to whom he stretched his arms in vain, he conceived the world in which he was at the mercy of his affections as disastrous, and began to create, in fancy, a consoling substitute. No doubt we see an ideal shadow of this fantasy world in such plays as The Fountain, in the Chinese scenes in Marco Millions.

Yet the world had to be met: the shy and insufficient schoolboy had to come out of his cloister. The plays which outline the diverse natures of two brothers give the key of that deep, spiritual duality to which I have referred, suggest what an important rôle a brother played in O'Neill's own initiation into life. In Beyond the Horizon, they are the practical man and the dreamer, who love, thwart and destroy one another. In Desire Under the Elms, they are allies, who steal the old man's gold and make off for California. In The Great God Brown, they are two men, a striving creator and a practical Babbitt, two sides of one nature, who must be mutually crucified to fit into one skin. In Lazarus Laughed they are Caligula, the destroyer and the resurrected hero. Gene O'Neill also had a beloved brother, Jim, ten years his senior. Jim symbolized hard-boiled masculinity and stimulated his revolt against "the old man." Jim was an actor. Jim loved wine, woman and song; he had easy social graces which a prickly youngster envied and tried to emulate.

O'Neill was subject, deeply subject in adolescence to another romantic influence, that of books. He read not once but every summer, in his father's house in New London, the fifty volumes of Dumas, the complete works of Victor Hugo and Charles Lever, the Irish romancer. To the pleasure of James O'Neill, who used to harp on the glorious deeds of Shane the Proud and the other O'Neills, he was also an avid reader of Irish history. The romantic poetry of Scott he loved at a very early age and was—this seems important—"a fiend on Byron," reciting Childe Harold interminably. He absorbed Dickens and Kipling, and, somewhat later, Jack London and Conrad, and conceived the idea of becoming himself a Conrad hero, a "super-tramp." At eighteen, spurred by Benjamin Tucker, the famous philosophical anarchist, a thinker who has greatly influenced his "inner self," he read Nietzsche. Between the brother and the books he put on the protective coat of a waster and a wanderer, sought escape over "dat ole davil sea"—the element that seemed at the farthest remove from the successful stage of the paternal autocrat.

O'Neill's suspension from Princeton; his life as a sailor and in the countries to which the sea gave access—South America, Honduras; his prospecting for gold; his selling of sewing machines and his life "on the beach," at Buenos Aires; his life with the down-and-outs at that New York waterside dive, Jimmy-the-Priest's, where the first scene of Anna Christie is laid; his friendship with humble men of all nations, like that Chris Christopherson, also of Anna Christie, who froze to death after a drunk; his association with the sailors whom we meet in the one-act plays and The Hairy Ape—this has been much exploited. When some day, sitting perhaps by a Maine lake, with Shane pulling in perch off shore, and a well ordered domestic life in full swing up the hill, he tells you about it, you will find that the mature man rather resents the degree to which his early admirers falsify the tale by stupid invention. The reality was, he says, a thousand times more incredible and imaginative.

The hardships he endured through the years of adventure seriously undermined his health. He lived for months on the free lunches provided with drinks. He slept in airless bunks or with his head on a table. There were times when his puzzled father—for whom, being now very much a puzzled parent himself, he can feel sympathy—gave him a dollar a day. "More than I should do in the same circumstances." Not long before his breakdown he was forced unwillingly to take a small part in Monte Cristo, then being presented in vaudeville, and enjoyed both the vaudeville actors and western cities.

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But the trip could not save his health, and after a few months "cub reporting" on the New London Telegraph, he found himself in a Connecticut sanitarium that must closely have resembled the one described in The Straw.

Murray, the tuberculous hero of the play, the reporter who achieves through illness the power to become a creative writer, is one of the half dozen self-portraits that O'Neill has sketched in his stage directions. The play suggests also that here O'Neill met for the first time some delicate sentimental experience that deepened his faith in himself. In any case, O'Neill began, in that comfortless atmosphere where privacy was at a premium, to sound his own depths. He still holds a sheet of paper in a sensitive, cherishing way, as if it were precious and rare. He still writes his scenarios in a small blank book, in long hand—a round hand, almost microscopic in its self-contained exactness. The book, which will be coveted by collectors, hints at the compressed and gripping effort of will by which a sick and undisciplined man began to externalize and canalize that mass of experience which had been crowded into ten years, and laid, within the limits of a page, the foundation of a life that was at last to be his own.

O'Neill was discharged from the sanitarium after six months, and spent the next year by the sea in Connecticut, bathing all through the winter, reading voraciously in the modern and classic drama, and writing. Before he entered Professor Baker's "47 Workshop" at the instigation of his father, who was taking heart a little, he had published a volume of melodramatic one-act plays, now suppressed, called Thirst. These plays, like the better ones that followed, seemed purposely to flout the intent of commercial production—and no "little theatre" groups existed when they were written. But James O'Neill had paid for their publication. And though the association with Baker was most valuable, James O'Neill had far more to do with the success that came to the recognition of a Pulitzer Prize—fortunately before his death. O'Neill, brought up in a stage family, has a knowledge of the theatre as intuitive as an Indian's of the forest. Like Yank, in the stoke hole, he "belongs." Though he scorns stage tricks and likes to condemn, for their very "trickiness," certain popular plays of his own, like In the Zone and Anna Christie, men of the theatre feel that he owes something of that "sure fire technique," which enables him to put even symbolic drama across the footlights as a box office success—owes also something of his grasp of pause, of climax, of the capacities of the actor's breath, to his lifelong familiarity with Monte Cristo.

But O'Neill also addressed himself, with his driving power of industry, to the study of Ibsen and Strindberg—who have influenced him more than any other moderns—and brushed up his school German to understand Wedekind and his method. Going on to Greenwich Village from Cambridge, he appeared in Provincetown in 1916 with a "trunkful of plays," one of which, Bound East for Cardiff, the nascent Provincetown group presented. This was his first production on any stage. His first wide critical recognition came from Mencken and Nathan, who published three one-act plays in The Smart Set, in 1917-18. Nathan heralded him as the first great talent in our native theatre, and was instrumental in helping him to his first Broadway production: Beyond the Horizon. Since then with the Provincetown and later the Greenwich Theatre, where he became himself a producer, with Jones and Macgowan, as his "home town" and laboratory, and Broadway as the seal of his wider successes, Eugene O'Neill has come into a position of undisputed leadership in the American theatre—a position reënforced by the translation of his works into many foreign languages and their production in European countries and even in the Orient.

In this long list of plays which show O'Neill growing steadily in depth, range and inventiveness, one can discern three periods. The first tends to be romantic and objective: to it belong those fine one-act sea plays first published as The Moon of the Caribbees and, of course, The Emperor Jones. The second period tends to be naturalistic and autobiographical; it includes works as diverse as Anna Christie, Diff'rent, Beyond the Horizon, Gold, Welded. In the last period naturalism gives way to symbolism and subjective material is cast in a deeper, more poetic and philosophic form: The Fountain, Desire Under the Elms, The Great God Brown, Marco Millions, Lazarus Laughed. The periodic division, however, should not be overstressed. Plays of different periods often mature simultaneously, and though O'Neill says frankly now that he has "finished with the naturalistic theatre," it is in a sense true that he has never in realism sought anything but a symbol; never in a concrete hero failed to shadow Man, the eternal protagonist, in the grip of natural forces greater than himself. Fortunately for his popularity he swims in the forces of his time as he swims in the sea.

The Hairy Ape was so truly a tract of the times that its blunt, stringent truths pinched like a tight shoe. Yet in point of form the play is on the road to symbolism—remember the masks, the sombre and startling confrontation of Yank and the gorilla in the Zoo. O'Neill admits that it was "unconscious autobiography." He chose to write about the hairy stoker, victim of modern industry, a man far removed from himself in actual circumstance, in order to voice through Yank that social rebellion and sense of buffeted frustration which was his philosophic message at the time. "I ain't on oith and I ain't in heaven, get me," says Yank, thrown out into the street by the I. W. W.'s—"I'm in the middle tryin' to separate 'em, takin' all de woist punches from bot' of 'em."

Similarly, the two Negro plays which seem naturally to grow out of an American problem with which O'Neill had had personal contact, stir depths

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that lie beneath the relations of the black man and the white. O'Neill's recording of the Negro inflated by power and deflated by mortal fear gives a shadowy image of all human regression. In All God's Chillun Got Wings, through the beauty and tragedy of a mixed marriage pierces a suggestion of the deeper and more sacrificial aspects of marriage itself: a hint of the torture and the bliss that the inter-weaving of two strands of intense and separate life may bring. Here more effectively than in Welded, O'Neill, the solitary artist, expresses the constant restless struggle between the separateness of his human soul and its need for fusion and immolation.

By the time he wrote Welded O'Neill had seen for man, his hero, the light of some desperate dawn. The dawn shows him crawling out of the bitter dilemma that had held him in the circle of his fatalism, like a creature in a trap. Is it woman who is pointing the way? So long as her presence in the plays is merely casual, so long as she is used as a trick for the pivoting of masculine fate, she is provocative of disaster, and O'Neill is more cruel than tender in his understanding of her. But when, as in The Straw, in Anna Christie, in The First Man, in Desire Under the Elms, in Brown, man has to leave his egotistic confines to meet her need of perceptive love, of children, of separateness from himself—when the family, with its bondage, conflict, tenderness, really takes the stage—then the thumbscrews of fate begin to relax their hold. Then man, by his identification with something beyond and outside himself, begins to be released. A prostitute, generic giver, may release him as well as a wife.

When played realistically Welded failed. It seems that O'Neill cannot mirror life too exactly: he needs a refracting lens—such a lens as we see in the portrait of Dion, a man who comes close to being the youthful O'Neill:

> Following them [his parents] as if he were a stranger, walking alone, is their son, Dion. He is about the same height as young Brown, but lean and wiry, without repose, continually in restless nervous movement. His face is masked. The mask is a fixed forcing of his own face—dark, spiritual, poetic, passionately supersensitive, helplessly unprotected in its childlike religious faith in life—into the expression of a mocking, reckless, defiant, gaily scoffing and sensual young Pan.

The mask—antique symbol which O'Neill is restoring to the stage—signifies to him more than a stage trick, or a screen interposed between the crucial self and the bleary popular eye. It is an integral part of his character as an artist. For, as he once said, the world is not only blind to Dion, the man beneath the mask, it also condemns the mask of Pan. O'Neill has known and feared the world's sneer. He responded for long by giving back to life a lurid and caustic picture of itself. A picture whose distortions—like those of the Chamber of Horrors—are never those of illusion; whose dreams are nightmares. But gradually, through a deepening of his own currents, the warfare between himself and life grew sterile. All his slings and arrows had not altered the duality of the world. All the slings and arrows of the world had not altered the duality of O'Neill.

It was at this point—when O'Neill the artist became clearly able to hold the screen, not only between himself and the world but between himself and himself—between the hard and the soft, the weak and the strong, the destructive and the creative parts of his own nature, that The Great God Brown was born. In Beyond the Horizon the two brothers have a doomed separation. In Brown they have a kind of rhythmic fusion, in which resurrection is glimpsed. As one listens to the funeral oration pronounced by Cybel, the prostitute, over the body of Brown—"spring bearing the intolerable chalice of life again"—the words seem unnecessary and over-accented. He who has not already drawn that sense of death and resurrection from the movement of the play had got nothing. We knew before she told us that it was Man who lay dead. We knew that, masked or unmasked, he wore the face of Eugene O'Neill. O'Neill might well forget his old trick—which fitted well with the crosses and the desert road—of driving in his points like so many sharp nails. He might well let that poetry he kept so long locked in his heart seep out through the movement of the play itself, as it does in the speech of Dion about the death of his mother. For style, for naked compassion and understanding, this is the peak of O'Neill's writing. Here the world of dreams and the world of reality are one. "I remember a sweet, strange girl, with affectionate, bewildered eyes, as if God had locked her in a dark closet without any explanation."

What will be the fate of Lazarus Laughed, which with its great choruses and its quasi-Greek form suggests one of the vast panoramic stages of the theatre of tomorrow, but even more needs the actors of tomorrow? Whether it fails or succeeds, it is of first importance to O'Neill. For here the mask enables the artist not only to separate but to salvage the dual nature of man. Here at last the vise-like balance between yea and nay is broken, and the positive element in O'Neill's nature flows forward. The laughter of the man who descended into the shadow rings out. And one sees at last, reflected on the page, the look of happy serenity that transforms the face of the swimmer as he strikes out into that blue sustaining sea.

O'Neill, who, as it happens, was born on Broadway, is almost unknown there, and New York sees but little of him. He prefers to make his home at an old life-saving station at the end of a sandy track over the moors on Cape Cod, or in a house that was once an inn on the Bermuda shore. Though he is fastidious in his daily dress—too much so for a super-tramp—he never puts on evening clothes to dine wisely with the great. He has seen only three of his own plays in performance and does not take his honors easily.

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It would take more than the hypothetical O'Neill Repertory Theatre, more than a Michael Arlen success, to make him other than a solitary artist, struggling to work out new form, new content in the drama. Those who have noticed his increasing tendency to telescope long-time periods—as in Desire and Brown—will not be surprised that he is now engaged on a play that will have the length, breadth and thickness of a novel. His self-confidence, inside his shell of shyness, is absolute. The range of his imagination knows no limits. He gives the impression of being still at the very beginning of a career which is incalculable, except that it will be precipitate, fertile, concentrated and solitary. When he steps lightly along some pagan shore with Shane, he walks a little behind, a tall figure, in a bathing suit, with limbs burnt to a pagan blackness: and on his face the look, not of a "father" but of some trusting elder child who has grown up into a strange world.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

The Self-Made Celebrity

A GREAT public man is seldom a hero to his wife, his valet, or the City Desk of his favorite newspaper. Perhaps, sometimes, to his wife or his valet; to the City Desk, never. From the vantage point of that acropolis there is too much opportunity to see, not only great events, but also "great" men, in the making—to see at close range and without any screening modesty, that first infirmity of ignoble mind, the publicity-grabbing which "makes" great public men in utter disproportion to inherent grandeur. The readers of the big metropolitan dailies may warm with admiration not unmixed with envy as, week after week, perhaps day after day, they follow the printed footsetps of their favorite minister, their ideal of a successful lawyer, their idol of a charity or welfare worker. But the City Desk, especially the poor neck-of-the-bottle through whom the incoming telephone calls and incoming mail pour endlessly on their clamorous or insinuating way towards the copy desk and the printed page—he looks upon them all with a cynic sniff of irreparable disillusionment, knowing well the clay—nay, the mud and mire and oily muck—of which, nine cases out of ten, those idols are compact.

That sneer of the neck-of-the-bottle is not, however, an honest sneer. He knows quite well that, for all his supercilious scorn, the cheap little great man is going to get into the paper the next day. As, for example, that impossible self-yclept angel of the East Side, Mr. B. A. Puff, who only yesterday hurdled the edge of the wastebasket (whither the hasty perusal had automatically consigned him) by telegraphing a reminder to the editor not to overlook the letter from President Coolidge included in the copy he had sent, in which the work of relief among immigrant poor was highly commended, among others, by the Chief Executive.

"How the devil are you going to get out of it?" muttered the Maker of Great Men, as regretfully he resurrected the ditched copy from the basket. "You can't spike the President's letters, just because they're written to a faker!"

And the next morning Mr. B. A. Puff orders three stenographers to clip and mail several hundred copies of the "story" about him to that sucker-list of moneyed friends and patrons most likely to be impressed. Publicity is the nourishing milk, if not the life-blood, of current fame.

It was not always that Mr. B. A. Puff addressed the City Desk by telegraph. Formerly, screening himself behind the alias of the paper organization which he is, he was wont to telephone his own advance notices and encomiums. But some hard-boiled cuss who inherited the desk where the incoming phones meet the incoming mail-matter, spotted Puff's falsetto and decided to take a chance:

"This is the Downtown Chamber of Relief; we are sending you some copy concerning a proposal to give free shoes to colored orphans, in which Mr. B. A. Puff, President of the Downtown Chamber of Relief—"

"Is this Mr. Puff?" insisted the perverse imp at the receiving end of the wire.

"Ahem! Ahem! I—I am speaking for Mr. Puff—"

"Yes, Mr. Puff. What is it now?"

This detection, persisted in every time the Downtown Chamber of Relief broadcast his own beneficences over the telephone thereafter, led him to abandon that transparent medium thenceforth for the safer incognito of the telegraph. Incognito, of course, is not the right word.

Another little man of public greatness—indeed, once mentioned as a fit candidate with Mr. Puff for an identical federal office for which they were in very truth equally fit—recently achieved the undeniable distinction of having been born fifty years ago. Whereupon there poured in from his office to the City Desk, thrice reinforced with covering communications, a twenty-five-page typewritten flood of congratulatory messages he had received from the world and his wife, including among the rest a characteristically ebullient expression of esteem from the present President of the United States and a form-letter of congratulation from the publisher of the City Desk's own newspaper; the whole marked: "For release in Thursday morning's newspapers." To make assurance doubly sure, the "office" of the Light under the Bushel telephoned that two more telegrams had been received

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since the copy was mailed, and that these also should be included in the morrow's newspaper account.

The irate neck-of-the-bottle, swelling, despite or because of his habitual enforced politeness, to a veritable goitre, could not contain his disgust:

"What's it all about?" he inquired blandly. "Fiftieth birthday? Quite a young man, isn't he? He'll be fifty-one next year, if he doesn't die in the meantime; and was forty-nine last year, wasn't he? Now, just what do you find interesting in all this?"

More "ahems" and "ahas" at the far end of the wire, together with the hope that "You'll run a nice story about it"; and the rest, ultimately, was silence. However, you can't throw the President of the United States, even if you can your own publisher, into the "spiked copy"; and so the man of fifty modest years got a stick story in the next day's paper. The letter or telegraph tolls wherewith his office had informed his congratulators of his impending birthday were merely a bagatelle compared with the resultant advertising, figured up in dollars, cents and potential offices.

But it is not only potential officeholders engaged in their own welfare work who favor and thrive on this publicity porridge. The spiritual leaders, in the pulpit even more than on the soap-box rostrum, reach out with avid arms of prayer for favorable headlines. One of the best-known of the metropolitan dominies learned the trick from an editor on the City Desk itself some years ago, when the reverend gentleman, already fat, was not yet grown so great.

"This is the Reverend Dr. O. Salvation," came over the 'phone one Monday morning. "I wish—very humbly and respectfully, understand me—to inquire why it is that I seldom see any of my sermons in your paper, brother, though I send you copies of them each week. Just how, pray, do you account for it?"

The Reverend Doctor was told that it was simply a matter of news-value: some sermons had that elusive and undefinable quality, whilst others did not. The Ten Commandments and the Gospels were not news. But, persisted the Reverend Doctor, just what *was* news?

(It was the week of the World Series.)

"Well," suggested the City Desk helpfully, "a lot of things are news. For instance, just now baseball is very much news."

Rev. Dr. O. Salvation sent in a sermon on baseball the very next Sunday; and had most of it printed. Moreover, he learned his lesson from that single tip, and has been getting away with murder, journalistically and ethically speaking, almost every Monday morning since.

Not all of the would-be public men arrive. Some lack the savoir faire of the Rev. Dr. O. Salvation. The road to obscurity is paved with good intentions and populated by Barkises.

For instance, there was the case of that young rabbi who came into the City Room the day before the Day of Aton ment, and, sidling up to the City Desk, laid upon it a typewritten sermon, with this introduction:

"I am Rabbi Feinoil of Congregation ——. Here is the sermon I am to preach tomorrow morning. I am most anxious that you print it in your paper. I have two very excellent bottles of wine for you; and, being a rabbi, you understand, I am in an exceptionally fortunate position to procure more of it whenever—"

The bootlegging minister was distressed not a little when he was curtly told that suggestions looking to violation of the laws of the land were not welcome in that office. Incidentally, his sermon, which may have dealt with law enforcement and obedience to authority, was not among those published on that same theme next day. He probably ascribed it to the fact that he had offered two bottles of wine instead of whiskey. The neck-of-the-bottle, with a nose for news, suggested reporting him to the Prohibition Administration, but the City Editor, being a gentleman, wouldn't hear of it.

Getting one's name into the paper is not enough for some types of public figures. There are several, pretty well known and spotted by every City Desk in the metropolis, who almost killed the goose which lays the golden egg of publicity, by invariably sending in inaccurate press notices concerning their doings, and then following these with clamorous demands for correct statements of fact the next day. Report me accurately and inaccurately, if only you report me twice! Only the slipperiest, as well as the most brazen, of Fame's minions can do this long and get away with it.

A clergyman in a southern city once sued a New York newspaper for libeling him in a report it printed about his being ousted by his congregation. When the libel suit came to trial, it developed that the minister himself, acting under a nom de plume, had been the correspondent of the newspaper in that southern town and had himself telegraphed the story for which he now brought suit. He got six cents damages. His name still frequently appears as one of the last surviving pallbearers of a long-buried President of the United States—that is to say, it appears in other papers than the one that still keeps him in its file of fakers.

One of the leading lights of the bar in New York today almost invariably prefaces each of the lengthy statements he sends in to the newspaper offices on matters on which he wishes to be heard, with these words:

"When pressed for a statement at his office yesterday, Mr. X. said—"

Sometimes the only pressure used is reinforced by Mr. X. in an accompanying note—or a preceding telephone call—to the higher-ups of the newspaper, the editor, publisher or managing editor. As a matter of fact, Mr. X's opinions on most matters are

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in themselves sufficiently worth while to warrant their use as news, needing no bush to get them across the copy desk. But he doesn't know it.

The neck-of-the-bottle, when he isn't buried up to the chin answering incoming telephone calls and sifting incoming mail, sometimes falls to day-dreaming. He dreams of being gathered to his and other people's forefathers in the midst of his work some sizzling summer's day and of waking in fields of bliss where there isn't any telephone bell. And there, beside the Pearly Gates, he sees himself installed as a sort of Useful News Source and Tipster Extraordinary to the saintly keeper of the portals, who ever and anon turns to him for a confidential suggestion as to the credentials of those applying for entrance. And among these, ever and again, he spots his daily persecutors in the life below, ascending with armfuls of disheveled news clippings which they proffer as tickets of admittance.

The keeper of the gates turns to his newest assistant. There is a whispered conference, while the heavenly zephyr plays the deuce with the high-heaped clippings.

"Yes, Mr. ——; yes, Rev. Dr. ——; yes, Congressman ——, we know all about you. Just step into the elevator, please."

And the door of the elevator near the pearly gates opens with glad welcome, whilst the colored elevator boy with white wings chortles:

"Goin' down!" THE NECK.

Washington Notes

I HATE to record it, but the cold fact is that Calvin Coolidge closed this, the third session of Congress he has had on his hands since he became President four years ago, more generally distasteful to those compelled one way or the other to come into regular and frequent personal contact with him, than any other President who can be remembered. I think it is not exaggeration to say that Mr. Coolidge's personal popularity in Washington diminishes in exact ratio to the length of his stay. When he leaves the Presidency, relatively few people will care what becomes of him. Once out of office, his words, thoughts, and opinions on public questions, acts and attitude will lack interest or value. As President, he, of course, means a lot, but as a person he does not count at all and never did. Mr. Coolidge arouses no bitter animosities because his personality is not sufficiently robust to create pronounced hostility. He makes no fights in which honest blows are given and taken. He neither receives nor inflicts wounds. The feeling he arouses is irritation, not hate. While his lack of force and fighting spirit keep him from violent antagonisms, they also keep him from making any warm adherents. Cold, calculating, cunning, colorless, as a companion he is a net loss; as a champion he is a joke, as a leader he is a frost.

It is a curious and interesting thing that a President so slightly regarded by the few who get the close view and really know, should be able so long to maintain a reputation for force and solidity among the many who do not know. The explanation, of course, is, as I have often pointed out in this place, the extraordinary newspaper support which came to him in the early days of the first Mellon bill, and which, through one means and another, has been held solidly ever since.

At the close of this session of Congress, as at the close of each of the other sessions since Mr. Coolidge became President, this support has been an amazing asset and protection. This time, for instance, it has helped, by chorusing about the courage of Mr. Coolidge in vetoing the McNary-Haugen bill, an act he could not have avoided unless prepared to fly in the face of his Cabinet, his chief journalistic supporters and the financial friends upon whom he leans most heavily. By this service his claque has, in large measure, minimized the complete failure scored by the President at the session just ended, and has again prevented popular appreciation of the extraordinary feebleness of the man. When the results of the session are checked against the recommendations in the Coolidge message of last December, it is found that not a single thing urged by the President was favorably acted upon, while practically everything that he opposed went through.

Republican leaders in Senate and House, including the Vice-President and Speaker, disregarding his known desires, actively opposed the administration policies and effectively did their best to frustrate them. Altogether, it was as complete a demonstration of executive weakness as I recall. But that was not the way the Coolidge press told the story. On the contrary, the impression conveyed by the newspapers was that it was the Congress that had been feeble and futile and the President who had been strong and firm. It is a wonderful thing to have that sort of press protection. With it, you need little else. With it, the most abject failure and the most complete defeat can be laughed off, (only this little man never laughs) and the facts can be kept from the public almost indefinitely. I have never known a President who has had it in any such degree as this one or who has been so immune from criticism, either by the daily press or by the leaders of the minority party. So far as the latter are concerned, they have apparently given up all idea of fighting, except among themselves.

For the next nine months, the advantage in the political game is all with the President. Whether he proposes ultimately to declare that he will not again be a candidate, as a good many astute observers here think, a view to which I am myself inclining, or is planning in his own quaint Vermont way to sneak up on the nomination while no one is looking, as is hoped and believed by the more conspicuous members of the little Coolidge circle, it is certainly true that during the rest of this year he will have the publicity field practically all to himself. With Congress adjourned, the only source of real news for the Washington correspondents becomes the White House. The twice-a-week conferences with the correspondents instantly take on more importance. Small things become big because of the scarcity of big things. It is a situation with which Mr. Coolidge is familiar and in which he handles himself well. These conferences, for the next nine months, will be utilized by the Presidential Spokesman to build the President up and repair what small damage has been done him by

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his Congressional failures. For the most part reluctantly, the correspondents will have to play his game for him. In view of the political character of their papers, the White House dinner invitations to managing editors and owners, and the tradition of writing what the other fellow writes, to which they are tied, there is practically no way out for them.

It is an encouraging fact, however, that the disposition to revolt against being used in this way is growing. I think if Mr. Coolidge were personally more liked they would not mind it so much; but his complete ungraciousness and his utter lack of appreciation make him vastly unpopular among the "boys of the press." I have been really surprised, in the past week, to hear expressions of this feeling from some representatives of the more servile of his journalistic supporters. But they are up against it. I see no way out for them. So long as the Spokesman keeps up the game, they must play it. It is hard on the "boys," it puts every aspirant for the Presidency in both parties under a heavy handicap, and it isn't fair to the public, but again I ask, what can be done about it? And the answer is, not a darned thing.

The health and happiness of Mr. Kellogg continue to be the most interesting subjects of speculation, both in administration and anti-administration circles. It seems agreed that both are somewhat impaired. By the time this appears in print, Mr. Kellogg may have returned from his visit to the South Carolina winter home of ex-Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, but I doubt it. When he left, he was in bad shape. Reports from the South are that he is riding horseback and playing golf, but my private information is that his nerves are still jangling, and there are those in Washington who think that the Secretary of State's condition necessitates a real rest.

Of course, his leaving the Capitol before Congress adjourned and the statements attributed to him that he was really exhausted by the strain under which he has labored the last two months, have again started talk of his probable resignation and successor. Curiously enough, the two names I most frequently hear in the latter connection are those of that noble and shining diplomat, lawyer and business man, Charles Beecher Warren of Michigan and that sturdy statesman, Irvine L. Lenroot, of Wisconsin, whose defeat in the last election brought tears to the eyes of the faithful. The Warren report is based on the belief that, for some reason not made clear, Mr. Coolidge is personally attached to Mr. Warren, that he still grieves over the latter's rejection by the Senate two years ago and will not be happy until he gets him in the Cabinet. It is also founded somewhat on the notion that the post of Secretary of State is the one Mr. Warren really had in mind from the start and that he considered the Attorney Generalship merely a step toward the other. Be that as it may, I do not believe he will ever be Secretary of State. Regardless of the arguments, I do not believe Mr. Coolidge will now name him and I do not believe that, if named, he could be confirmed. In fact, I am sure of it.

The Lenroot idea is much more likely, to my mind. There would, of course, be not the slightest doubt of his confirmation. As is customary with ex-Senators, he would not even be referred to a committee. That he looks forward with pain to his separation from the public pay-roll, that he wants an appointment that will keep him in Washington, that the place of Secretary of State would be peculiarly congenial to him, are all things much too obvious to be overlooked. It will be recalled that in the last two years Mr. Lenroot has been the administration mouthpiece in the Senate on practically all matters of foreign policy. He was its representative in the World Court fight and has been the consistent defender of its Nicaraguan and Mexican policies. It is generally conceded that he has earned some recognition from Mr. Coolidge. But whether he will get what he deserves and desires is problematical. Just how well he stands with Mr. Coolidge no one seems to know. Of course, all this talk about Mr. Kellogg's successor is based on the idea that he will resign. Those whose judgment is worth most on the subject are convinced that, barring accidents, that is not likely. Had Congress continued in session another six weeks, and had Mr. Kellogg been forced to stay on the job, the opinion is expressed he could not have stood it. But with Congress away, and the opportunity to rest his nerves stretching ahead, the chances of his resignation grow more remote.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Pioneer Women

AT THE Reinhardt Galleries we must look at the twelve models for a monument to the Pioneer Women and take what comfort we can. We may entertain ourselves with the thought that we were wrong if we fancied epochs to make much difference, for some of these works are the kind of thing we have laughed at as a weakness of our grandfathers'. We may amuse ourselves picturing how these models would look as monuments; congratulate ourselves that more of our leading sculptors did not take part, if this is what we have to face; and console ourselves with Mr. Maurice Sterne's work, which is magnificent.

A year and a half ago, as everyone must know by now from the admirable publicity given to the venture, Mr. E. W. Marland of Oklahoma, through the Reinhardt Galleries, invited a number of our leading sculptors to submit models in bronze for a statue to be erected on the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma, to the memory of the pioneer women of America. Several sculptors, Mr. Paul Manship, Mr. George Grey Barnard, Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, Mr. Daniel Chester French and others, for one reason or another did not accept the invitation. Twelve did. They are Messrs. Mahonri Young, James Frazer, Wheeler Williams, Bryant Baker, Mario Korbel, John Gregory, F. Lynn Jenkins, A. Stirling Calder, H. A. MacNeil, Jo Davidson, Arthur Lee and Maurice Sterne. Mr. Marland sent the same data and two sunbonnets of the authentic type to each competitor, and contracted to pay a certain sum on the model itself. To see these twelve models, three feet high, crowds of people are going; voting slips are being distributed to them, for to some extent at

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least, it seems, the decision will consider the public's choice.

In these twelve works three points are, obviously of course, concerned. There is the art of sculpture: they must all exist in sculptural terms or not at all. There is the subject matter, a fine one if ever such there was: this woman in our history helping onward, carrying life forward in her soul and in her body, brave, suffering, determined. And there is the monumental: the degree of monumental value implicit in each statue.

As to the subject and the idea inherent in it, that element, magnificent, pathetic, intense and strong as it may be, must take care of itself. If the sculptor has poetic imagination he conceives its import; and then, if he is a sculptor, his idea will be expressed in his statue; if he cannot express it so, what he feels scarcely concerns us.

When we come to the sculptural question—well, of five statues out of the twelve we might say that they were not sculpture at all except for the fact that they are not anything else. They may have in them hints of narrative interest, a bit of literature perhaps, and something of the pictorial. Of their translation of their matter into the plane, line and mass that sculpture consists in, there is nothing. And of these five Mr. Jo Davidson's model is from every account the worst: as subject matter it is foolish and trivial, this woman of his might be calling in the turkeys; as technique it is shameless and stupid, the surface is gummy and messy, the form hollow; as a monument it is so incredible that I should almost like to see it win the competition, if only for the gaiety of nations. If we took this old woman in her homely dress, ending five inches off the ground, with her ruffle, her great poke-bonnet, and her anatomical disconnections, and enlarged her eight times —twenty-five feet is to be the final height—and set her on a western plain, we should have one of the funniest things in the world; how easy it is to imagine that loose, unstable figure, that dress and ruffle magnified, that bonnet grown big as a covered wagon around the almost hidden face, and stray pigs sniffing around those great, unrelated feet under that skirt that spreads into a shelter three or four feet off the ground!

No other of the five drops quite so low as this piece of Mr. Davidson's. Mr. Korbel's woman sitting with her dog, her child, and the gun across her knees, not to speak of her impossible upper parts, shows as bad art as Mr. Davidson's, but a better conscience; and Mr. Gregory's omission of the dog and addition of a dead man and arrow and cactus plant helps but little. Mr. Bryant Baker's woman with her little boy striding beside her is a pleasant enough commercial piece, very like one of the famous Rogers groups of two or three generations ago. If it were turned out ten inches high it might be agreeable, as might Mr. Jenkins's young woman waving a handkerchief over her head, which has something of the prettiness of Queen Mary's Christmas cards. Mr. Calder's figure might do in front of a bank; it is a little more solid perhaps than the prettier pieces, but equally uninspired; and Mr. MacNeil's has a certain energy and beauty, but needs cutting down to half its present size. The creations of Mr. Williams and Mr. Lee show observation of fifth and sixth century Greek details, without achieving much genuine character or taste. Mr. Lee's model would make a charming figurine Tanagra size; as it stands now, the style is more or less perfunctory and superimposed; the idea in no way suited to the occasion of the monument; and the rear view like the tail of a stylized mermaid. Mr. Williams has honorably tried; but the stylization of his material is unconvincing, the sculptural mass is poor, the archaic lining is without finality and badly unrelated to the planes. From Mr. James Fraser many people would have expected much. The model he contributes has poetic feeling, a hint of brave baroque suggestion now and then, though without distinction; but its drapery is doughy; the parallelism between the elbows on either side is sadly unconsidered, and the treatment of the surface planes is loose and insensitive.

The greatest shock of the exhibition comes, however, when we try to see these three-foot figures increased to monuments, and realize with dismay how little monumental sense most of these leading sculptors evince. And oddly enough, Mr. Marland himself supplied one of their pitfalls: the wrong use of the sunbonnets gives most of these artists away. It should be obvious that in such figures as these the head must count, and that a part of the head is the profile. Yet seven out of the twelve so manage the bonnet that from only one view is the face seen at all, the rest must remain a mere scooping, idle mass. And these monumentalists, what can they think those baby legs, so unrelated in design to the whole mass, would look like three feet long in the air; or that little boy twelve feet high running along so lifelike beside his mother with her four-foot handkerchief bundle; or that six feet of hatchet hanging in space at the end of an arm; or that twenty-foot gun sticking out on each side of the lady with that dog as big as some Egyptian sphinxes but naturalistic as a woollen poodle? What do these artists think of the fact that you can go around their statues, look at them as a whole as well as from the front? What can they think about the unity in a piece of sculpture, more important than any part? And what do they think is the relation of realistic detail to enlarged dimensions, and the relation of a monument to its setting? Alas!

The only designs that have any monumental character are those by Mr. Mahonri Young and Mr. Maurice Sterne. Mr. Young's pioneer woman is solid and honest, the characterization simple and wise. The figure as a whole, however, is stolid rather than impressive, and from the waist down rather dull, too much, indeed, like a cigar-store Indian, wooden and monotonous. Of the two, and of the twelve, only Mr. Maurice Sterne's model, when all is said and done, is important.

This statue of Mr. Sterne's employs much the same material as the others: the woman, the child, the gun, the pioneer theme of courage, endurance and maternity. But what he does with all this lies in another world from the work around it at the Reinhardt Galleries. His design begins by using the smaller and flatter bonnet, by which device the profile is left clear, the brow narrowed and intensified, the head made to count in the spiritual statement of the statue. The detail is reduced to its last essential function, the planes of the surface throughout are fine and sensitive and quivering with their own life. Structur-

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ally the figure has an admirable and dramatic solidity; its structure is inseparable from its idea. The whole is a complete unity, pure and single and absorbed in its own rhythm; the contributing forms resolve into a beautiful flow, and create, especially from the rear, masses that participate in the character of the earth from which the monument would rise. Ideally the content of this statue has intensity without declamation or bombast, it has a passionate restraint without sterility, and is poignant, maternal and prophetic. Such a work of art redeems its wretched companions at the Reinhardt Galleries, and more than rewards Mr. Marland's adventure.

STARK YOUNG.

Landscapes

SMOKE

THE flies buzz on the ceiling and down the hill the chugging engine cuts corn for the silo. All yesterday, and all today, and tomorrow also this peaceful bang will mark the time of the year, and for many days long stalks of corn will lie fresh in the dusty roads. Through the window the world is yellow and red and hazy blue. Here where the flies chase and settle and clean their paws, there is an alien smell, the ghost of an uneasy smell, the vague cousin of fire of some sort, somewhere. It is not the water-heater. . . . The cellar is damp and smells of rotting maple and beech; no lamp is lit, no tell-tale curl lifts from any corner. . . . Out of doors the smell of smoke is stronger, but fickle, uncatchable; it says birch one minute, new lumber the next, and then it is merely a smell of smoke. Where the valley and the horizon melt into dim friendship there is no smoke, or all of it is smoke. Haze everywhere, smoke everywhere, or haze and a little smoke. When woods burn, the curtain of their destruction hangs above them, or trails miserably away with the slow wind. But no curtain is to be seen, or only the thousand curtains with which this month softens the color of each quarter mile of distance. Into the car then, to run the dragon down. The wheels rattle the dry leaves, and the white dust thrown into the air stays there, car-high, for a hundred yards in our rear. . . . Where's the fire? None that he knows of, and he clucks to the horse. The smell of smoke is that of young birch and poplar, and the smell is carried without loss on the back of a motion of the air that no one would call a northwest wind. To the northwest, then, in search of fire, through the village, through the blue gap in the hills, past corn stubble and sleeping dogs, and red woods and orange woods and the dark slopes of pine fiercely dotted with red and orange, twenty, thirty miles to the northwest. The fire must be nearer, the ominous green smell puffs and is gone, puffs up again, the blue haze is thicker and bluer. A cross-roads, three houses and a store. Straight ahead the road climbs, climbs, past rocks and yellow trees, to the top of the world. . . . Where's the fire, we ask him? In Canada, they say, a whole province or something is burning up. Two hundred miles to the northwest. Canadian smoke, invisible, freshly burnt, and smelling of our own trees.

ON THE LAKE

The black water goes "slop," and then again "slap-slap" on the little stones, and there is no light to catch its ripples. There is a smell of bathing suits in the air; somewhere in the dark they are swinging lazily, and they smell of wool and water, and of wet stones. Your hand feeling through the night strikes rolls of crinkled bark, or the smooth scars where have been cut hearts, and initials, and initials and arrows and dates within a heart. The black velvet moves liquidly at your feet and the little stones grate, with a cool slop, and grate back again. On the other side, something between black and purple, there is a shape which might be a cloud and a lump which may be a hill. Behind other shapes small stars appear and disappear. Off to the left is a light, low and steady, a mile or two away on the farther shore, or rather where the line of an invisible shore must be. And as the wind sighs up, there is no sound upon it, and as it dies down there is faint music upon it, within it, lightly riding its darkened wings, little whiffs of distant music, low, so low, running down the lake to you level with its black ripples, incredible drowned snatches of music. . . . Now it is gone, the wind shifts, it is here; now it is gone again, and the lake is not only cool and wide and black, but for a brief moment it is the harbor of magic, the home of the sunken harp of the world. The music fades from the air, and from the ear; the unseen birches rustle, the invisible water slaps; you had almost forgotten the log cabins and the canoes, the springboards and the sand in the bottom of the boat, the camp fires and the marsh-mallows and the song leaders and the muskrat skins spread on the wall, the pennants and the brown blankets and the fishing rods and the pancakes and the checked shirts and the saxophone and the dance at the girls' camp, and the rising bell, when mist is on the lake and the young men go warily along slippery boards to the water, to the water that goes slop-slop against the little stones and is terribly cold.

FACELESS

The curves of a snake alive have motion, meaning; they translate triply into small parentheses the arc of the great sky. The curves of a snake dead upon the road are broken, shapeless; a jumble of mangled bends which says nothing about either life or death. And here the parallel hills are the vague backs of defeated snakes, beginning nowhere, going nowhere, and stopping continually on the way in trivial risings and inarticulate descents. Their tired summits do not cut into a pale heaven, but nibble at it. For this is a going-through place where green fields are dotted with a three years' beard of birch, where fences are dim, roads straight, and pine trees drearily adolescent; where each feature of earth invades the other; where shadows have no power to mold, and water runs unseen. There is neither top nor bottom to this valley. The level spaces soon wobble into mounds and bumps, the angles as quickly flatten out. A wind blows, but stirs nothing. What the sun strikes, hot and overhead, it cruelly underlines: the house, which is a house and nothing more, neither old nor new nor queer nor even friendly; the brown smoke climbing dully into the air; the rutted cart-road, which runs blind into the pasture; the elm tree, so symmetrical and still; the thin horse brushing

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away the flies. There is no other living thing to be seen, but the place is not solitary, it is only empty.

The Trestle

The trestle bridge lies high above the river, and straight across it, on one lonely perpendicular pier, and is made of thick soiled beams in a multiple, regular, crisscross pattern. It is not so much a bridge as a clamp, tying one bank unwillingly to the other. One gravelly, grassy, cindery bank to the other. One bank strewn with logs, the other bank strewn with heavy, valuable, short logs cast up on the edge of scum and gravel. Four men are working a hand-car across the trestle; high up, diagonally up, only their bent heads can be seen, and their bending, working backs black against the fleet of the clouds and the sky holes between the round white clouds. And the trestle is a frame: underneath it, through it, framed by the wooden crisscross and the cindery bank and the stony pier, is a long picture-look up the river, up the narrowing flat water to where it turns, with a hedge of high leaning trees on either side, smaller and smaller, and young fields pitching down to the trees, greener and greener, and beyond them, and above them, beyond the river's third curve and its ninth curve and beyond that up the valley, a little intimate mottled jewel of blue hills, hill upon little hill, jewel upon blue jewel, very small and far away.

Upland

On the edge of this little plain which is the top of a hill there is a church, or rather a white-steepled meeting-house, a dozen ancient trees, as many magnificent tell-tale stumps, and a narrow road with a thin strip of tall grass in the middle of it. The grass around the church is green and short, but whoever takes care of it is not in sight, nor is there anyone in sight anywhere. Through a couple of bars just beyond and above the church is the pasture, a little circular upland, the top of a high flat hill, ringed about with a barrier of oaks and maples. The grass is close-cropped, brown, frugal, discouraged by juniper, by bulges of smooth gray rock, by muddy pools edged with illegible hoof-prints. Hidden in some hollow of the little plain a sheep bleats stupidly for a long time. Between the spaces of the trees a circular strip of purple mountains appears and disappears. Crows rise and caw and flap into the trees. . . . Within the shadows of the church there is a granite monument, carved with names, names, dozens, hundreds of names, Blodgett, Stone, Williams, Parker, Ball, McArthur, Austin, Buffum, Edwards, Hilliard, Wells, men who died or were wounded in the Civil War. Years ago their shoes left melted snow in gallons on the church floor, their hands kept the junipers and the young poplars from the upland pasture, their sheep were as many as there now are crows. Now their sons and grandsons sell gasoline in Illinois, sue for damages in Dakota, grow old in California hotels, and never think about the thin grass in the middle of this narrow road, the rocks tumbling out of the walls and lying as they fall, the yellow pastures running, running away down to other yellow pastures, the square houses and the weathered barns where not more than a handful of people live and farm any more.

Robert Littell.

The King's Henchman

THE success of The King's Henchman, grand opera in three acts, libretto by Edna St. Vincent Millay, music by Deems Taylor, produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company, February 17, was immediate and unmistakable. This was not due to the treatment of a favorite son, or to chauvinistic intent on the part of the audience. Very evidently the opera gave pleasure. It discovered a libretto of an uncommonly poetic character, better adapted than any other of its American predecessors to the needs of the composer, and a score that had theatrical effect, a melodic style, technical facility and brilliancy of orchestration. This was the tenth American opera mounted by the Metropolitan since the season of 1909-10. Nine other librettists and composers of the soil had been tried by that institution, and found wanting. An uncommonly brilliant audience rejoiced in the achievement of two young Americans who had established a new precedent in the annals of our lyric theatre, set a high standard of craftsmanship, and indicated better days to come for native opera.

The subject selected by Miss Millay and Mr. Taylor was taken from English history. It justified the author's concern for a text that should spring from pure sources of our mother tongue. This text, as fashioned by Miss Millay, is of strictly Anglo-Saxon origin. The period is the early tenth century. The principal characters are historical. We know that Eadgar, King of England, sent Æthelwold, Earl of East Anglia, to Devon, to bring him as his bride Ælfrida, daughter of Ordgar. Historically the matter was settled by the killing of Æthelwold, and Eadgar's marrying the widow. In the opera, matters are not so simple. Æthelwold and Ælfrida are united not only by impulse but by destiny. Miss Millay utilized an old legend of All Hallows Eve to supply herself with this dramatic ingredient. The legend says that the first man a maiden meets in the woods on that night will be her husband. Ergo, Ælfrida, come to the wood to utter her incantation, stumbles upon the sleeping Æthelwold, and the die is cast. Maccus, the harper, and Eadgar's serving-man, is sent back to England to tell Eadgar the falsehood that Ælfrida is not fair, and that Æthelwold, desirous of settling down, has decided to marry her. In the last act Eadgar visits his henchman; the truth is out; Æthelwold kills himself. Ælfrida cowers weeping. Eadgar does not take the widow to his arms, as he did in the bluff times of brutal old England. He spurns Ælfrida, who is shown as a selfish and linnet-headed woman. He says, "Thou hast not tears enough in thy narrow heart to weep him worthily."

The analogies between this story and that of Tristan und Isolde are obvious. A king sends his vassal to woo; a love-spell is soon a-working; for Maccus, read Kurvenal; for the sentiments of Eadgar, listen to the melancholy speech of Mark. It would not be easy in treating of such a theme to avoid analogies. Miss Millay's tragedy is neither as transcendant or as inevitable as that of Tristan und Isolde; certain of her characters, which she may have felt to be necesary for operatic requirements, are supers, fillers-in, unessential to the plot. Much of her text is beautiful; some of it is self-conscious and mannered. By and large, however, she has given Mr.

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Taylor a singable text and a serviceable libretto that conveys something of the glamor and poignancy of ancient far-off things and tragedies long ago.

Mr. Taylor, no doubt, found inspiration and also certain handicaps in this libretto. The first act is meagre of incident, the second still more so. Only the third has the incident, movement, contrast which come nearest to providing the scaffolding for the color and impact of operatic music. The text required special treatment. But Mr. Taylor has succeeded remarkably in making theatrically much of little; in giving musical consistency and form to episodes which might have become tenuous or ineffective; and he has written throughout with a communicative freshness and enthusiasm. He has a clear eye for the theatre, and he did not spare his own score in facing its requirements. A short but brilliant prelude exposes the theme of Eadgar and prepares for the scene of revelry. The voice of the harper Maccus is heard before the curtain rises. The audience enters the room, as it were, with the composer, and the orchestral stream of tone carries everything before it. The King expresess his longing in a solo of almost Italian melodiousness and stress. Æthelwold rejoins with a ballad-like passage in which he describes, in a manner that is lively and ironical, his forthcoming quest of Ælfrida. Maccus jumps on a table, strokes his lyre, and gives out the air of a chorus, "O Cæsar, great wert thou." This is the one instance of the employment of folk-music in the score. The tune is an old one of Cornish origin. It has rousing vigor and swing. It is not too soon to predict that it will be roared in the near future by innumerable male choruses, in states of sobriety or inebriation. Edward Johnson, the Æthelwold, leaps on a horse, emits a high tone and is off in the approved hoop-la manner. In other words, the act moves, it "goes over."

In the second act there is fortunate suggestion, by the orchestra combined with humming voices behind the scenes, of the mystery of the forest. The incantation of Ælfrida intensifies this atmosphere, and is itself a well contrived musical unit—a "scena," though not in the old manner, with a poetic text, and a suggestive tonal background. The love-duet is less successful. It has melody, it has orchestral color, but it is a little too long, plausible without being convincing, and, like the situations, redolent of Wagner. The last act sees Mr. Taylor on his feet again. The most exciting moment, and one that admirably prepares the climax, is the approach from afar of Eadgar and his men, with the motive of "Cæsar, great wert thou" pounding, treading, in different registers of the orchestra. It is places like these which show what Mr. Taylor can do when he has action and movement before him. Each episode of this act is clearly, forcefully, delineated by the composer. The orchestral postlude, when Æthelwold falls, is dignified and expressive, though the act had better end five minutes sooner.

The method of Mr. Taylor with his orchestra is Wagnerian, but this does not mean the aping of Wagner. The passage in which there is Wagnerian reminiscence has been mentioned; otherwise, granting the presence of "leading motives" and their symphonic treatment, customary with many composers since Wagner, the composer is nearer the Italian than the German style. As a matter of fact, Mr. Taylor has composed with exceptional directness of expression, without pretense, without hunting far afield for an unusual or astonishing effect. This is admirable, and sincere. It cannot be said, however, that he has yet achieved in the opera house a music that has individual physiognomy. And another thing: the music is always dramatic in its exterior and its synchronization with the stage, but frequently it is nearer the song and the cantata, in its structural essence, than to the veritable operatic style. There remains too much regularity of period and structure, within the dramatic framework. These are characteristics to be eliminated by experience and maturity of workmanship. No composer of opera, great or small, has found himself with his initial attempt at music-drama. Mr. Taylor, as a result of the success of his first opera, has already been commissioned to write a second one, and undoubtedly will profit by his experience. Meanwhile, acknowledging its limitations, The King's Henchman remains the most effectively and artistically constructed American opera which has yet reached the stage.

OLIN DOWNES.

A New York Diary

MOUNTAINEERS IN THE MOVIES

UNDER the inexcusably bad title, Stark Love, the Famous Players Company has released a motion picture of more than ordinary interest. A director and former cameraman, named Karl Brown, went down into the Santeetlah district of the Great Smoky mountains, near the border-line between North Carolina and Tennessee, taking with him only the technical equipment for motion picture making. There he assembled a cast from among the mountaineers, none of whom, needless to say, had ever faced a camera before, and most of whom, we are assured, had never in their lives been inside a theatre. These people Mr. Brown put through the paces of a story of his own devising—a simple little melodrama about a widower and his grown son, rivals for the hand of an untutored girl of the neighborhood, the son's affection being complicated by a desire to escape with her to the settlements outside, there to taste the joys of book-larnin'. The audience is earnestly informed that the action is in strict accord with local manners and morals; but we suspect that the ruthlessness toward women, the casual marital relationship, and the degree of illiteracy are all somewhat overemphasized for dramatic effect. This, however, is unimportant compared with the remarkable impression of authenticity as to scene and character which the film gives. As with Robert J. Flaherty's Nanook of the North and Moana, the spectator feels that he is seeing real people going about their real business. The boy and girl who play the chief parts are attractive young people, but miles away from the professional actor type. It is pleasant to see, for once, a close-up of a face which expresses both modesty and force of character, instead of the wide-eyed moronic exhibitionism which is standard in the studios. If this film proves even moderately successful, as it seems likely to, I hope it will start Mr. Brown, and others

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like him, off on more expeditions of the same sort. Why shouldn't a veracious film of Negro life be made? Of the Southwestern Indians? French-Canada? China?

Architecture, a Trace

The Architectural and Allied Arts Exhibition in New York, which for two weeks occupied three floors of the Grand Central Palace, suggests that the Allied Arts have swallowed Architecture and are suffering from indigestion. The interior of the building offered a howling congestion, distinctly inferior in arrangement or æsthetic effect of any kind to the automobile show. By diligent search the visitor could find drawings, or models, of new skyscrapers; there were examples of sculpture cowering here and there from the assault of the surrounding medley; the centre of the rotunda was partly occupied by giant Parthenon-like pediments and capitals in bright colors, blessed by organ-music from the Welte-Mignon in an adjoining exhibit; and on another floor the work of art schools and classes was neatly displayed. But on the whole one received the impression of an unrelated series of interiors vehemently decorated, and containing as many expensive objets d'art or antiques as could be disposed within them, each room being designed chiefly to show off in as small as possible a space all the possible uses of some single product such as artificial wood, wrought-iron, wall board, rubber tiling, or fabric. By comparison the engineering exhibits, which contained electrical equipment, elevators or revolving doors were a relief, and real unity and competence were achieved almost solely by the artists in real estate, who were prepared to sell lots in Englewood and Garden City from the persuasion of elegant plans and relief maps. There were numerous single objects of beauty in the turmoil, but one longed for the supremacy of the designer, such as makes the Paris Salon of interior decoration at least comprehensible and interesting.

A New Master of the Phonograph

In the song foundries off Times Square, where tough finger-tips make grooves in the keys of the battered pianos, one may hear more and more often the name of a newcomer from Kansas City, Willard Robison, who undertakes to do everything and does it increasingly well. Mr. Robison has his own orchestra and he has played, besides a number of standard tunes, a series of dances, called The American Suite, for "Perfect" records. These are distinguished for the unusual tightness, precision and color of their playing rather than for the excellence of the material itself; but Darby Hicks, the third of the set, is one of the best fox-trots the season has produced. Such of his compositions as have come to hand are uneven in quality, and rhythmically and sometimes harmonically ingenious (see his collection for the piano called Six Studies in Modern Syncopation, his Page Mr. Handy, and Lonely Acres in the West); but they are written down to the semi-literate pianist and rather inferior in melodic invention. Yet Mr. Robison is prolific, and, as a composer, he has only begun, while as a performer of ragtime at the piano and, above all, as accompanist, on the phonograph, to his own solo voice, he is already news of the first order; one may even, in fact, venture the assertion that, in this special field, he is without a peer. Robison's voice is of ordinary quality, doubtless untrained, but its expressiveness and gusto, its confidential and personal tone, which, aided by faultless enuncaition, seem to bring the singer into the very room, rob the criticism of its value. And a species of alert repose, born of utter confidence and certainty, which characterizes his singing, is present also in his accompaniments; he dares to sing and play slowly; he seems to allow the piano to enjoy itself, rather than to make it work. In his playing, the expected mechanical agility is more than balanced by that unacquirable touch which distinguishes a genuine artist from the ten thousand jazz artisans. His harmonies, progressions and embellishments are more original—more witty or grim—than those of anyone else except Gershwin, to whom he owes nothing; and he is apparently unique among white performers in his mastery of those tricks of the colored blues pianists which are the foundation of piano jazz. For examples of Robison at his best, the reader is referred to the Perfect records of Deep River Blues, Truthful Parson Brown (Robison's own legend of the preacher who syncopated his sermons), Harlem Blues, and Lonely Acres, in the order given. It seems certain that, as time goes on, there will be much more to say of him.

CORRESPONDENCE

Justice and Contracts

SIR: As a lawyer, I must take exception to the dictum of Mr. Grover Clark, in his article on The Crisis in China, in your recent number, to the effect that "it is an equally well established principle of law that no matter how mutually fair the terms of a contract may have been originally, its terms should be changed when material changes in the condition of one or the other of the parties make the terms no longer just." I know of no such principle of law or of equity, and cannot conceive of such a principle being introduced without upsetting the entire business world, since it is in order that the business man may be able to know where he stands after conditions may have changed that he enters into an inflexible contract. It is to the legislative, not the judicial, realm that Mr. Clark should go for his analogy.

Tench T. Marye.

Washington, District of Columbia.

Fat Boys

SIR: It was time that some observer paid our humble respects to the Fat Boys so beautifully adumbrated in your issue of Feb. 2. And what a felicitous, racy classification! For although their inevitable tendency towards the aldermanic curve is rigorously disciplined by expensive exercise, their souls wax fat enough to cry out for the technique of the Flemish School. My private designation has been "Lumpty Tum," which is not far off when you remember that "Lumpty Tum" is, or was, an English cottage delicacy consisting of a plate of porridge in which rashers of fat, home-cured bacon were embosomed.

But we need a painter in the Flemish tradition, for soon their Board Rooms will feel the need of preserving a new type for American posterity. Moreover, while they vicariously deal with human masses in prophylactic geometry, they are less familiar than their debased cousins who are today visible and even approachable to inspire confidence in the masses which enter the brazen gates of banks to deposit their dimes. Let the limner tell future generations how they studied destinies in curves made pleasantly rotund and significant for their trusting, child-

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The University of North Carolina Press
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like eyes and conscious of a sybaritic obsession when they scrawled their signatures to pay for lovelier, more significant curves, hurried off to do penance with the medicine ball.

T. F.

New York City.

What Building Saturation Does Not Touch

SIR: You deserve the highest credit for your editorial, What Building Saturation Does Not Touch, in your issue of February 2.

A better or more concise statement has not appeared in print. I am eager to know the hand that produced it. It is written with an intimate understanding of the building industry and the dilemma which it faces. Those within the industry itself have been slow to see things in sufficient perspective to realize that the production cost of finished homes has steadily increased beyond the buying capacity of a healthy market.

A large part of this increase in production cost has been due to the exaction of exorbitant discounts by the forces outside the industry which control the flow of capital. The tolls which these discounts levy are higher in the cases which are least able to bear the burden, namely, in small unit construction and in constructions where waste in production is most prevalent.

The New Republic is on the right track. Keep on talking!

ARTHUR C. HOLDEN.

New York City.

The Revolt Against Literature

SIR: In Mr Allen Tate's discussion of The Revolt Against Literature (issue of February 9) there is this statement: "great poetry cannot be written without the background of a perfectly ordered world which men have assimilated to their attitudes and convictions."

Of course, nearly all of the finest poetry in English is thus barred from classification as "great." Perhaps great poetry cannot be written in English—but the theory deserves fuller critical exposition in your columns.

This also needs amplification: "We can no longer evaluate the poetry of Dante simply because we no longer believe the doctrine of the Trinity."

It has always seemed to me that juster (and essentially more generous) evaluations of the poetry of Dante have been made by men who cared nothing for the doctrine than by those who "believed."

WILLIAM GIRDNER.

Takoma Park, District of Columbia.

Contributors

CARROLL BINDER is a member of the staff of the Chicago Daily News, making a specialty of political and economic investigations in the United States and abroad, and has just returned from a visit to Mexico, Nicaragua and other parts of Central America.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT, biographer of contemporary American figures, is the author of French Perspectives and Shadow Shapes, and Fire Under the Andes, which has just been published, and contains a collection of her sketches of interesting personalities, some of which have appeared in the pages of the New Republic.

The author of The Self-Made Celebrity is a newspaper man who, unlike the heroes of whom he writes, prefers, for obvious reasons, to remain anonymous.

OLIN DOWNES is a music critic on the staff of the New York Times.

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The New
REPUBLIC

Spring Literary Section

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Anatole France's Task-Mistress

Anatole France and Madame, by Jeanne Maurice Pouquet. Translated by Lewis Galantière. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

NO writer, ancient or modern, has been more industriously Boswellized than Anatole France, and yet few first-rate writers have been more unfortunate in their biographers. Much attention has been paid to what he said in the privacy or the semi-privacy of his home, especially after he had grown old, famous and garrulous: still, no one bothered to ascertain the date of his first marriage or, indeed, more than to guess (incorrectly) that this marriage was only a very brief and unfortunate affair. The marriage endured all of eight years: it was fruitful of a daughter, a number of books, and of a cynicism toward love and marriage that lasted throughout France's life.

Although James Lewis May went to live at France's country home near Tours for the express purpose of writing a biography, his book is wholly unsatisfactory, treating of France's married life in a paragraph, omitting all mention of Madame de Caillavet, and telling nothing that might not be gleaned from France's semi-autobiographical novels and the French Who's Who. Thus far, the best biography of France in either French or English is a book published by an obscure firm in Milwaukee and written by Lewis Paget Shanks, a Philadelphia lawyer who had never seen France and who depended almost entirely upon France's writings for his source materials. The memoirs, reminiscences and biographical sketches that have appeared since France's death have been (some of them) informative or suggestive, but in the main mere tosh or downright misstatements of fact. So little was actually known from print about France's life that several months after his death a controversy was waged in L'Œuvre in Paris as to the exact location on the Quai Voltaire where France was born.

Some of the questions left unanswered by those who have written about France were: (1) To whom was France first married, what was she like, how long did the marriage last, and what were the reasons for the separation and divorce? (2) When did France first meet Madame de Caillavet, what was the status of her relationship with her husband, how old were she and France, and what was the basis of the attachment between them? (3) Just how much did Madame de Caillavet contribute toward gaining literary recognition for France? (4) Just how much did she collaborate with him on his literary work, how many prefaces and articles did she write to which he signed his name?

This last question, in especial, has been a mooted one, many extravagant claims being made by Madame de Caillavet's devoted admirers—among them the amazing assertion that the best phrases in France's work were written by Madame de Caillavet. The fact that France had signed his name to at least one article written by Madame de Caillavet became public property after the death of Marcel Proust, when it was learned that the preface with which Anatole France had given his imprimatur to the first published book by Proust, Les Plaisirs et les Jours, was actually written by Madame de Caillavet and that France himself had never been able to make head or tail of Proust's syntax.

This news, of course, led to conjectures on the part of students of Franciana as to the precise number and nature of the texts signed by France which had really been written by Madame de Caillavet. I, for one, had been puzzled by

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the essay in *La Vie Littéraire* on Jules Lemaître. The first part of the essay sounds like a burlesque of France's Olympian courtesy; the middle part is a stiletto thrust made with elaborate unction; and the last part is, almost word for word, several paragraphs from an article France had written some time previously on the subject of criticism—the very paragraphs which, used as a preface to the first published volume of La Vie Littéraire, contain the famous pronouncement, "A good critic is one who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces."

It was not humanly credible that anyone, man or woman, who had been privileged to write, however much or little, of the writings signed by the most famous literary man of his generation, should be so lacking in vanity as to leave no record of the contribution. Madame de Caillavet did everything within her power to add to rather than to detract from, the glory of Anatole France; but she was no exception in this matter. She left evidence in letters of her contributions to the work signed by France, even down to the paragraphs from her hand that are included in Thaïs.

These letters have appeared in a source book of the first importance, without the author's ever knowing that it was a source book. It is a book so wretchedly written that the author apparently could not find a Parisian publisher to bring it out, and had to issue it at her own expense; and when it was reviewed, apparently no French critic had patience enough to wrestle with its flat and awkward French long enough to discover that it was the most valuable of all the biographical documents that have come to light about Anatole France.

The book is Le Salon de Madame Arman de Caillavet by Jeanne Maurice Pouquet. When I say that it is the most important biographical work that has been published on France, the statement will probably be a great surprise to Madame Pouquet, since she was so little conscious of the biographical value of her book that she quotes extracts from letters without dating them, and sets forth extremely pertinent information for a purpose which is not, in her mind, primarily concerned with France.

Madame Pouquet (who was the widow of Gaston de Caillavet), and her mother-in-law, Madame Arman de Caillavet, were on terms of affection and sympathy that are rare in such relationships. Gaston de Caillavet had become estranged from his mother over the propriety of her liaison with France; but his wife had, and retains, for his mother an admiration and affection bordering on adoration.

When Madame de Caillavet knew her end was near and was crying out, like the Cumean sybil, that she wanted only to die, she turned over to her daughter-in-law a packet of letters to be opened long after her death and disposed of as her daughter-in-law saw fit. Her words to Madame Pouquet were that when her son, Gaston, read those letters, he might begin to understand his mother and warm his heart to her; but meanwhile she was too old and weary and heart-broken to reason with him herself.

The book, then, by Madame Pouquet is an act of belle-filiale devotion; but it contains source material of the first importance to biographers and practitioners of biographical criticism. Madame Pouquet clears up many problems concerning France's career, and, without intending to do so, supplies a great deal of information which has previously been lacking in relation to the man and his work.

It turns out, for example, that Madame de Caillavet wrote the article on Lemaître which France signed, and that she did it with malice prepense. She was annoyed with Lemaître for not deserting the table of Madame de Loynes for her own, when those two former friends conducted rival salons.

Shortly after the review was published, Lemaître came to Madame de Caillavet's house to dinner. France was there. Lemaître for some time avoided reference to the review, but finally his irritation overcame his reticence and he uttered some reproaches to France. France stammered explanations and excuses. "At any rate," answered Lemaître, looking alternately at France and at Madame de Caillavet, "you did not write the article. It is well written, but you didn't write it. I am very curious to learn the identity of him . . . or her . . . whose prose style and intelligence you estimate so highly that you permit that person to employ your signature." Madame de Caillavet avowed modestly that she often helped M. France when he was pressed with work.

Lemaître discontinued coming to Madame de Caillavet's house; but the review did not make a breach between France and Lemaître: Lemaître retained a profound affection and admiration for France throughout his life. Textual evidence of letters in Madame Pouquet's book further disposes of the gossip repeated (in a rather mangled manner) by the Princess Radziwill in an article in the Forum to the effect that Madame de Caillavet prevailed upon Lemaître to write the enthusiastic review of Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard which gave the first impetus to France's literary fame. Lemaître wrote the review before France had ever been introduced to Madame de Caillavet.

Indeed, it was Lemaître who first brought Anatole France to Madame de Caillavet's house. Her first impression—and one which continued for some time—of France was that he was a frightful bore and a total loss at a dinner table; nor could she, who was impatient with bores, understand why Lemaître insisted on bringing France there. At the time, France was gauche, ignorant of social usage, and his excessive timidity and shyness aggravated his affliction of stammering. She was abrupt and rude to him. In time, however, she began to take an interest in France, and finally began to drop Lemaître, who had been her particular lion, and set about remolding France into a lion nearer to her heart's desire.

France first began coming to Madame de Caillavet's soirées in 1882, almost a year after the publication of Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard. Madame de Caillavet had been married in 1868, so it is safe to assume that she was at that time about thirty or thirty-one years old. France was thirty-eight; he had been married about eight years.

Arman de Caillavet, it seems, was a fatuous sort of fellow who reverenced the aristocracy, espoused the royalist cause, spent a large part of his time trying to establish a noble ancestry for himself, and, being a vintner, had labels for his bottles engraved reading Château-Caillavet in imitation of the famous Château-Lafitte and Château-Margaux. Madame was democratic and interested in men of mind and spirit rather than in men of lineage. When her husband busied himself going through old documents in the attempt to establish his ancestry, she was happy, because "when he is occupied with that sort of foolishness, he leaves me in peace. I encourage him in it."

Meanwhile Anatole France and his wife were on even worse terms. The Wicker-Work Woman, it turns out, is largely autobiographical. Madame France was the grandniece of the celebrated miniaturist, Guérin; she, like Madame Bergeret in The Wicker-Work Woman, had an excessive pride in race, looked down upon her bourgeois and scholarly husband as both low-born and ineffectual and ruled him absolutely. When they were first married she

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was a ravishing beauty, with marvelous feet and hands, and very blonde tresses. The Comtesse de Martel, who knew them in those early years, relates that France, who wore a beard, and Madame France, looked more like father and daughter than man and wife. But later Madame France grew fat and lost most of her teeth. Madame de Caillavet invited the Frances to her house in the country, and relates in a letter that France was always trembling and stammering before his imperious spouse. Whatever he suggested doing, that would Madame France veto. In order to be alone with France for a few minutes Madame de Caillavet had to contrive ingenious deceptions.

Later Madame de Caillavet gave France some Genoese velvet hangings which had been left over from a house she formerly occupied, and he engaged an upholsterer to put them up on the walls of his study. Madame France was jealous over the gift and countermanded the order. A quarrel ensued. It was France's first assertion of independence. Later he returned to the house to find the dressmaker's dummy in his study again, after his having ordered that it was not to be stored there any more. He smashed it and threw it into the courtyard in the manner described in The Wicker-Work Woman.

In the course of another quarrel Madame France called him a word which struck at his pride more poignantly than any other conceivable—a word which France forebore to mention in The Wicker-Work Woman and one which does not occur, I believe, in all his work—a highly significant fact. She called him a cuckold. He forthwith moved out of the house to a hotel without stopping to change from his dressing gown and skull cap and never returned. He divorced his wife in 1891.

Madame Pouquet suggests, without stating, that there was truth in the unforgivable epithet. If this is true, certain parts of The Wicker-Work Woman take on a new significance in the interpretation of the mind of Anatole France and the point of view which became characteristic of him. From the evidence in My Friend's Book, Little Pierre, and The Bloom of Life, there is every reason to believe that as a child and youth France was a delicate, timid, shy and sensitive boy, who early began to take refuge from life in books. His head was filled with romance and his heart overflowed with sentiment. He worshiped a sturdy youngster who was the reverse of himself and who was a juvenile epitome of the man of action; and iron sank into his soul when that boy did some trifling thing which revolted the youthful Anatole's sense of honor. Almost a baby, he fell in love with an adult woman whom he discovered to be deceiving her husband (this episode is implicit, not only in My Friend's Book, but in Brousson's record of his conversations with France), and romantic disillusion sent him more definitely to his books.

In the light of Madame Pouquet's book, we may take The Wicker-Work Woman as the record of the period in France's life when he was beginning to reconcile his romantic illusions with reality. It was quite late. France was in his middle thirties. He had not yet been emotionally awakened. He subscribed to the illusion, propagated by those who have troubled themselves to become articulate without being effectual, that the life of the mind and spirit insures an inner serenity impossible to those who busy themselves with the vain rewards and pleasures of a workaday world. A studious and scholarly bourgeois himself, he had married a healthy, beautiful, and imperious woman who had great pride in her antecedents and never let him forget it. The more she lost respect for him, the more studiously did he apply himself to scholarship and literature.

She did not reckon that the worm would turn, especially when turned over by a pretty and intelligent woman, and the episode of this turning is recorded with dispassionate fidelity in The Wicker-Work Woman. The whole event is majestic, primitive and human. Willa Cather, in appropriating the major phases of the story for the most effective part of The Professor's House, missed its entire intellectual significance and turned it into a wistful bit of pathos. Miss Cather wept and drew tears over a situation which Anatole France, a year or so after he had actually experienced it, was able to describe with an almost alarming good-nature and perspicacity. He recognized himself to have been, during the period of his marriage, not a little fatuous and inept and, having later gained some sense of life, he was able to envisage the whole episode with candor and understanding, even if with a sentimental tenderness over the plight of the piddling Monsieur Bergeret, a stuffed-shirt, though an appealing stuffed-shirt, if there ever was one. He had taken another tack, and with a vengeance. Fidelity, virtue, chastity, became for him synonyms of idiocy. With his natural bourgeois sentiments, he was simply unable to fathom the situation in which he had been placed. He was an accepted lover in a household several points beyond what he had been able to aspire to, either financially or socially; the husband in the triangle was not merely indifferent but benign; and he was under the thumb of a woman more imperious than his wife, since she was able to make him write (which he liked to do) instead of come to bed (which was foreign to his ascetic notions of the fitness of things).

Nothing could possibly be imagined more disturbing psychologically than the relationship between herself and him that Madame de Caillavet had engineered. He was talented, scholarly, physically ripe and a noodle. A prolonged regimen of asceticism, in the name of learning, had made him a sensualist of most attractive outward semblances; and it is evidence of Madame de Caillavet's good sense that she had picked France instead of Lemaître (who was under the domination of Madame de Loynes, ten years his senior) while she had a husband who spent his evenings going through documents relating to the antiquity of his family.

France was tractable and he had talent. Madame de Caillavet had a superb sense of occasion. She knew that with a little effort on her part and on France's he would become the foremost literary glory of their country, and that her own glory would not be forgotten in subsequent accounts of it.

She chose him as a potential literary lion of a series of soirées designed to discomfit her anti-Dreyfusard rivals; and she played her game with admirable efficiency. Before France was divorced, she engaged, and entered into contracts for, articles which France was to supply to Le Temps, L' Univers Illustré and for the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna. He was to write, not only a weekly article on books, about which he knew a good deal, but also, for the Austro-Hungarian weekly, an article on French politics, about which he knew only what he was able to infer from Clemenceau's articles and from what his political friends told him. Until after the success of Thaïs, he signed his articles in L'Univers Illustré with the pseudonym "Gêrome."

The aim of Madame Pouquet's book is to establish the platonic character of France's relationship with Madame de Caillavet, and although the circumstances would ordinarily discredit the theory, there is much to lend weight to Madame Pouquet's contention. After his divorce, France came

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to live at Madame de Caillavet's house; and she made him work a certain number of hours every day. He was naturally lazy, and in his letters asserts again and again that, if she had not held the task-mistress's whip over his head, he would have accomplished little or nothing. She was better versed in modern languages than France and she translated articles which she thought might be of interest to him. She did most of the research work in the libraries which was necessary for his novels; and she helped him now and then to give a better twist to a phrase or to elaborate an idea which he had evolved in his meditations.

"Madame de Caillavet had only one aim in life: the furtherance of the literary work and fame of Anatole France," writes Madame Pouquet. When he was not with her, she made him report regularly on the progress of his work. She made up (I use the word advisedly, since they usually consisted of scissors and paste work of newspaper clippings, with a few paragraphs of comment) many of France's political articles in the Vienna Neue Freie Presse; she wrote the preface to Proust's first book, the preface to a book by Houssaye, part of the preface to a de luxe edition of La Princesse de Clèves, the essay on Lemaître, about a page in Thaïs, and she was responsible for certain paragraphs and phrases mentioned in the letters included in Madame Pouquet's book.

New light is thrown by Madame Pouquet on the Argentine episode. After more than twenty years of intimacy, Madame de Caillavet and France began to get on each other's nerves. Madame de Caillavet was unreasonably (or rather reasonably, if we are to take seriously France's amorous boasts in Brousson's book) jealous. They quarreled violently; terrific scenes were enacted; and they agreed finally to separate. France, who had no talent for public speaking, accepted a lecture engagement in Buenos Ayres.

On the way over, he fell in love with an Argentine actress, young enough to be his grand-daughter. Whether blinded by France's glory to his age and decrepitude or whether prompted by a shrewd sense of publicity, the actress played her part in the liaison only too well. She went about publicly with France in the Argentine, and the old man was silly enough to appear with her at a reception given in his honor and to introduce her as Madame France. The women of the Argentine knew better and they stayed away from his lecture to a woman. The occasion was a fiasco. Only men were present (for the sensual Latins have a strict code of propriety); France talked badly, as usual, with much stammering and inaudible articulation. But the rumor was returned to Madame de Caillavet that the Argentines had got together to honor "Monsieur et Madame France."

On seeing these words in a newspaper clipping the poor lady fell at once into a jealous decline; she told her daughter-in-law that life was a heartless deception and that she only wanted to die; and when M. France returned, she received him with a terrific blast and carried him off on a motor trip. France, who had taken his secretary, Jean-Jacques Brousson, to the Argentine, believed that it was Brousson who had made the trouble by sending Madame de Caillavet the clipping about "Monsieur et Madame France," and gave Brousson the boot.

The wound suffered by Madame de Caillavet was never healed. She died brooding on human ingratitude; and France wrote to a friend, Dr. Aunis, a letter full of eighteenth century protestations that, with the death of Madame, his own life was ended.

He lived, however, fifteen years more, and published eight more books, some of which are among his very best.

Mademoiselle Laprevotte, who had been Madame de Caillavet's personal maid, had succeeded the benevolent tyrant, Josephine, as housekeeper in the Villa Saïd, on the latter's death; and she gave to France a tender devotion. Having been informed that his former wife had announced her intention of putting out Laprevotte and bringing forward her own claims to his property, as soon as France was dead, he undertook to protect Laprevotte by uniting with her in civil marriage. Less than two years after France's death, his widow (she who was Mlle. Laprevotte) married a man who had been Madame de Caillavet's butler.

France's only living descendant is Lucien Psichari, his grandson, who is also the great-grandson of Ernest Renan. If temperament were transmitted by heredity, this young man, who unites in his veins the blood of the two greatest sceptics of the nineteenth century, should be the embodiment of religious doubt. But he is an ardent Catholic.

In the whole course of his literary career, Anatole France contrived no irony more cutting, and perhaps more tragic, than that of his own personal history.

BURTON RASCOE.

The Preacher Fried in Oil

Elmer Gantry, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.50.

LIKE a long, long transcontinental journey, Elmer Gantry is at once memorable and extraordinarily fatiguing. Memorable, for the sheer unflagging persistence of record-breaking denigration; memorable for its bulk, weight, and a certain dogged, hearty confidence in its contents; fatiguing in its appetite for monotony, in its belligerent taking of one side; in its pauseless series of knockdowns administered by the author to his chief character, and in the endless kicking him when he is down; fatiguing as would be a rather coarse, high-pitched and not altogether adult factory-whistle blowing without interruption for the length of time it takes to read not much less than 170,000 words.

Elmer Gantry is the arch-Babbitt of preachers, a Babbitt deprived, by repeated act of his creator, of those lesser human weaknesses which made the famous realtor, toward the end of his career, not wholly unlikable or unsympathetic. Elmer Gantry is not allowed to possess, for more than a moment, any trait which can make us believe in his existence as a man. He is made up, almost entirely, of contemptible features and actions shared by a number of religious boomers, madmen and hypocrites still at large in America. He is the step-child of an author's hatred. He is a monster put together by Frankenstein Lewis to serve in his war against an Old Testament God, against literal interpretation, puritanism, Methodism, hypocrisy, bigotry, cruelty and dollar evangelism. But if Elmer Gantry bears the brunt, he is far from alone, for Mr. Lewis has surrounded him with one of the largest collections of thoroughly disagreeable and inhuman people who have ever been found between the covers of a single book.

Gantry is nicknamed Hell-Cat at Terwillinger College, a small denominational institution in Kansas. He is a football hero. His classmates dislike him, but are afraid of him, outwardly applaud him. Gantry is not a Christer. He drinks, swears, smokes and chases the girls, with a too easy success. He rooms with the college atheist. He has the gift of gab. He is half-converted, by a too easy trick, through fear and laziness. He is on his knees, he babbles, he prays, he preaches, he converts, he is assigned to a country

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church, he betrays a country girl, Lulu Bains, much too easily, and leaves her flat. He swears off drink and tobacco, and immediately drinks and smokes. He is given a better pulpit, where he never preaches, being prevented by a two-day bender, with wine and women, as the result of which he is fired in disgrace. He becomes a salesman of farm implements. He hears a gorgeous female evangelist, joins her incredible circus, becomes her lover, betrays her (in each case much too easily), and escapes in panic from a tabernacle in which she is left to roast alive. "A hundred and eleven people died that night, including all of the gospel-crew save Elmer." He joins another female evangelist, occult and ugly, and is fired for embezzlement. He is sent as pastor to Banjo Crossing, learns that virtue pays, marries a nice girl (much too easily), and discovers that she will never be "a lively lover." From now on his path rises steadily, almost dizzily, via churches in Rudd Center, Vulcan and Sparta, to the great height of the Wellspring Methodist Church in Zenith, population four hundred thousand. He immediately goes after the headlines: his first sermon is on the topic, "Can Strangers Find Haunts of Vice in Zenith?" Lulu is in Zenith, so Gantry takes up with her again. He forms a Committee on Public Morals, and raids the red-light district. Appointed a lieutenant of police for one day, he violently rounds up inoffensive saloonkeepers and friendly chippies, who are sent up for heartlessly long terms. His new secretary becomes his mistress, and he prepares sermons in their love-nest. Lulu is brutally dethroned, his wife is a pale cipher in the dim background. Suddenly the book swoops to a melodramatic close. His secretary frames him. The papers burst out with a suit for alienation of affections to be brought against him by the secretary's criminal cuckold husband. But the secretary has a record; threatened with arrest on old charges, she signs a complete retraction, and disappears. Gantry is vindicated before the world. Great things are ahead of him: a church in New York, the leadership of the National Association for the Purification of Art and the Press. But he is still trembling at the horror of the last close shave. He forswears women. He thunders a mighty sermon of thanksgiving: "O Lord, Thou hast stooped from Thy mighty throne and rescued Thy servant from the assault of the mercenaries of Satan!" As he prays aloud, his eye rests on the choir, "and for the first time he saw that there was a new singer, a girl with charming ankles and lively eyes, with whom he would certainly have to become well acquainted. But the thought was so swift that it did not interrupt the pæan of his prayer. . . . ."

No hasty summary of such a straggling, enormous book can be entirely fair to it. No summary of Babbitt would be fair if it did not take into account that book's occasional good-nature, nor the high, roaring abundance of some of its burlesque. No summary of Main Street could fairly omit the unforgettable, admirable portrait of the doctor. But Elmer Gantry is inhabited by no one remotely approaching the doctor's reality, it is far from good-natured, its burlesque is acid, obvious, tiresome, and applied with the largest possible brush. There is a noticeable difference between the first half, miscellaneously unpersuasive, and the last, which moves with far more speed and economy, which is better reporting, and is not such a wild exaggeration of conditions which are well known to exist around us. There are beginnings of characters whom we suspect, wrongly, of being about to come to life. The women throughout are phantoms, the shadowy proofs of Elmer's casual carnality. Sharon Falconer, evangelist, alone breathes fire here and there, but she does not compose into a comprehensible figure. The men are almost uniformally despicable, and are revealed with a savagery which is dismally hasty and careless. There are acres of talk, most of it apparently from the same mouth, though the stage directions give us a variety of names. There is a good deal of faithful, exhaustive and passably amusing description of physical things—furniture, bric-a-brac, interiors. And from end to end there booms the dreary clamor of a tract.

As we look back over the story of this cheap, weak villain, we are struck by the opportunities it offered which Mr. Lewis did not choose to take. Even such an eloquent, heartless, self-seeking hypocrite as is revealed by the framework of his life could have been made interesting, could have been made to some degree sympathetic. But Elmer Gantry is so completely manufactured, so much a butt for his author's contempt and will-to-expose that we do not believe in his sins simply because we do not believe in him at all. If he were in the least attractive, if he had any of the gay, irresponsible swagger with which villains can often endear themselves, if we felt in him any independence of his creator, we might sit up and listen. Instead, we endure.

A man who is making an effigy of his enemy for public burning does not take pains to get a likeness. A few rags, a shirt, trousers, sawdust, a broomstick and a large label will do the trick well enough. If we would destroy someone by the ancient sorcery of sticking pins into a wax image of him, it would not be wise to fashion the wax too accurately lest we come to look upon it as a work of art, and worth preserving. The image of Elmer Gantry is a pincushion, a pitiful lay figure bristling with the hatred and burlesque mockery which Mr. Lewis volleys over the lower planes of organized religion and its commercial preachers. Elmer Gantry, an effigy rather than a character in a story, is roasted anew in every page with such zest that we end by feeling in this instance that Mr. Lewis is not a novelist, nor a crusader, nor even a propagandist, but simply and solely a witch burner.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Useful and Useless Anthropology

Race and History, by Eugène Pittard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. History of Civilization Series. Edited by C. K. Ogden. 505 pages. $6.

RACE and the affirmation of racial differences and superiorities have now become a matter of religion to many, and it is only right that a book written in the real scientific spirit about this subject should have as its leitmotiv guarded caution and critical abstinence from dogma. If these be the supreme virtues of scientific method, no one need cavil at M. Pittard's work, for in its concluding chapter he sounds an almost nihilistic note. "Some people, superficially reading various passages in this book, may have supposed," he says, "that, in so far as certain times and places are concerned, we are to believe that there is evidence of a relation between Race and History, one conditioning the other. Yet it will be found that I have refrained from being positive in any sense."

This sounds discouragingly guarded, and right through the book the author appears to be on the verge of becoming completely non-committal and negative. So that when, in another part of the conclusion, he rises to a timid hopefulness and tells us that Anthropology is capable of inspiring "the most complete confidence in its future," we are not

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quite convinced, and it sounds almost like irony to end the book with the statement that "Humanity . . . is in urgent need of the help of Anthropology."

The fact is that Physical Anthropology, the special branch of science professing to study the problem of race, has so far given us next to nothing by way of relevant answers to any of our urgent problems. No man of science or of common sense—the two terms, alas, are not identical—believes in the bumptious affirmations of the protagonists of the Nordic Theory. However Aryan or Nordic an anthropologist may be—and the present writer could substantiate his Nordic claims as well as anyone—he cannot honestly maintain that an intelligent Eastern European Jew is not his intellectual and moral equal, or prefer to associate with uncouth and non-culturable blond German and Scandinavian peasants rather than with men of the type of Albert Einstein or Franz Boas. On the other hand, to deny the practical significance of race, to overlook the fact that, after all, it is the problem of outstanding importance and difficulty in modern society, is to close one's eyes on the very question with which Anthropology must deal in one way or another, if it does not wish to become a negligible quantity in science. Even the question of the Jewish "race" and its contact with Gentiles is, as things stand, of paramount importance in the social and cultural life of European and American communities. It cannot be solved by pogroms, any more than the Negro problem can be solved by lynchings.

The first point, obviously, would be to give a clear definition of race, racial unity, and of the really relevant criteria by which human beings might be classified into biologically homogeneous groups. The second is the question how far the intensity and quality of culture depends on certain bodily factors, and in what manner.

To neither of these questions has Anthropology so far succeeded in giving us satisfactory answers. What it can do and how far it will help us along will be found illustrated in M. Pittard's book. Indeed, it might be said that the volume under review is one of the best summaries of the present theoretical standpoints of Physical Anthropology, worthy indeed of the excellent series in which we find it.

But the fact is that Physical Anthropology has so far been predominantly anatomical in its scope, that, even in its anatomical researches, it has dealt, not with the living organism, but with its dead remains. The cephalic index and various minor measurements of the skull and of the skeletal parts of the organism have been the principal criteria in the classification of human varieties. Not one of these indices, however, can be shown to be of any real relevancy. The use of the cephalic index in particular will, in my opinion, be quoted in future histories of science as a classical example of an entirely unscientific procedure. Its choice is entirely arbitrary, its descriptive power nil, and its correlation with any other mental or cultural characters of man non-existent. The classification which leaves me, a brachycephalic Pole, at one end of the scale with Melanesians, Andaman Islanders and Tapiro pygmies, while at the other end I see, for instance, my dolichocephalic friend Dr. A. C. Hadden of Cambridge surrounded by a host of Gulf Papuans, West African Negroes, and tall Scandinavians—such a division of humanity seems to me to be absurd on the surface and absurd it remains to the very end. And yet hundreds and thousands of people have been let loose all over the world armed with a pair of calipers, note-book and pencils, and hundreds of thousands have been thus measured, recorded and incorporated into learned books, with the result that no two anthropologists agree on the meaning of race, while science has been prostituted to political catchwords and low partisan passions.

There is no doubt that in dealing with human culture, with society, or with the human organism, the learned man in his arm-chair started from the wrong end, that of the dead debris. Life is an unpleasantly protean process, and even as you lay hands on it you kill it and have to deal with a corpse or a skeleton. Difficulties, similar to those which beset the biochemist, beset also the student of the human mind, of the human body, and of cultural behavior. But in reality the anthropologist has not the same excuse as the biochemist. Even if he applied the results of Physiology to his material and studied racial varieties in function rather than in structure, he might perhaps be able to push his science beyond the dead point at which it is at present standing. Studies in the change of structure, extensively carried on in America by Boas, Hrdlicka and their school; the correlation between race and metabolic processes suggested by the work of Sir Arthur Keith and Professor E. A. Hooton; and the biometrical investigations undertaken by the schools of Professors Karl Pearson and Raymond Pearl —these are, let us hope, the beginning of a new era in Physical Anthropology. Whether the results will fulfill all we might hope for, cannot be foretold. But it is certain that as long as the physical anthropologist remains satisfied with his calipers and his measuring rod, he will contribute but little to the study of man and of his culture; and it must be emphatically repeated that no classification of human varieties will have any value until this classification can be correlated with cultural effectiveness of race. But, as long as we cannot define race or affirm the stability of race, a mere empirical correlation is worthless. From this point of view, the theory advanced by the prominent American scholars just mentioned, that the form of the skull changes fundamentally under environmental influences, would deal the coup de grace to old-fashioned measuring.

But the physical anthropologist is not alone to blame for methodological sterility. Each correlation must stand on two legs, and if the specialist in the human body has not arrived at a clear idea of the concept of race, neither has the student of human culture yet been able to define the nature of his own subject. The implication of each racial dogma—whether it comes from the believer in Nordic superiority or from the advocate of Ethiopian equality, from the Hackenkreuzler or from the Zionist—is that this or that race is distinguished by its efficiency in cultural achievement. But when you ask the social anthropologist what is the nature of human culture, what are the criteria of its greater or lesser efficiency, he is as much at a loss for a satisfactory answer as Physical Anthropology is at a loss to define race. Up till recently, one culture and race—that of Western Europe—was able to prove its superiority over all the others by the main practical argument—the ultimate ratio rerum of weapons and military apparatus by which the white Europeans impressed their "higher morality and intelligence" on other races and pressed out an equivalent in material tribute. Japan was the first to queer the pitch of the anthropologists—to say nothing of politicians and diplomatists—who had been relying on this argument, and there are signs that some other non-European nations may join her. In any case, some of us at least are not satisfied with this mere practical index, and feel that even in gauging European history we shall have to reconsider the militarist's argument, as well as the militarist's influence on our culture.

Anthropology as one of the social sciences steps in at this

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juncture and with the help of its sweeping glance over a variety of human cultures can be of use even to the modern sociologist. It can, but it has not so far. The reason for this has been and is that till recently most work in cultural Anthropology has been devoted to the solving of all sorts of problems except those that are really important, such as: what are the elements of human culture, what are the laws of cultural process, and what is the nature of culture in general? These things were taken for granted. Exactly as the mediæval alchemist took for granted the chemical nature of his elements and sought to find only the origin of gold and the transformations of one metal into another, so many a modern anthropologist imagines that he understands the nature of custom, belief and social regularity, the constitution of a primitive tribe, the relations between economic activities and religious practices, and tries merely to trace their "origins," "histories," and "diffusions." Most achievements of the older schools were dominated by the idea of unilateral evolution; at present the dogma of unicentral diffusion has taken its place. At best the moderate historical schools try to explain "diffusions" and reconstruct "histories" on a small scale, but in every single contribution of this kind it would be easy to show that the writer should have, but has not, devoted as much time to the analysis of the belief, custom or institution which he traces, as to its "history." Very often we know the history, but we really do not know of *what*. As examples of such work—often very ingenious and learned—I might instance the late Dr. Rivers's History of Melanesian Society, in which I cannot recognize one single feature of Melanesian culture, in spite of my several years' residences in that area; or again the universal histories of culture recently sketched out by Graebner and by Schmidt and Koppers in their well known manuals. Not a single element into which they break up human civilizations seems to me to hold good in the light of a critical analysis. In this connection, M. Pittard pokes fun in a very witty and efficient manner at the extreme monogenetic views developed by certain writers. He begins with Arius Montanus, who "explained how America was primitively peopled by the sons of Joctan, great-grandsons of Shem, of whom one, Seba, colonized China, and another, Ophir, went first to the Northwest of the New World and then down as far as Peru, whilst the third, Jubal, went to Brazil"; he then mentions Gregorio Garcia, who "manifests a belief that the peopling of America was effected by Jews"; and goes on to Professor Elliott Smith and his school, who, "following up the geographical distribution of a large number of beliefs, customs and technical processes, concluded, by analogy, that the pre-Columbian American civilization was derived from the Nile valley."

What we need most in modern Anthropology is to understand the nature of human marriage and the human family; of the primitive state and early forms of tribal government; of the various forms of economic organization, of legal systems, and of moral ideas. Above all, we want to know how the various aspects of culture influence one another, and in what measure they contribute to the integral working of the cultural scheme.

It is clear that such functional Anthropology would be capable of supplying us with criteria of cultural efficiency. It could then, given a satisfactory theory of racial indices, help us in solving, or at least scientifically approaching, the various problems of racial differentiation, racial mixture and the relations between races. It would also help us to understand better and have a more sympathetic attitude toward alien cultures and, therefore, toward alien races.

BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI.

Black, White, Red, Yellow and the Pintos

The Ipané, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: A. and C. Boni. $1.75.

Doughty Deeds, Being an Account of the Life of Robert Graham of Gartmore, 1735-1797, Poet and Politician, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: The Dial Press. $3.75.

A Brazilian Mystic, Being the Life and Miracles of Antonio Conselheiro, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. New York: The Dial Press. $4.

MR. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM belongs to that very select, brave company of true adventurers who share in common a noble curiosity about the life of man. By adventurers I don't mean soldiers, nor missionaries, nor politicians, nor reformers of any sort. I leave out, too, all peripatetic prophets, tourists and journalists with one eye on the public: I mean freemen, who go for love into the—to them—strange corners of the world, with no ambitions to serve, and no job to do that could bias the record they made. You see the list narrows: I have in mind at this moment Doughty, and Burton and Hudson, who belong roughly to one period; there were a few before and there will be a few more afterward, and in the meantime there is Cunninghame Graham.

I don't know what it is, deep down, that makes the true adventurer. They don't run in a pattern; I never heard of any two alike. They do and think and feel vastly different things: they can't be accounted for merely on the score of humanity and intelligence and curiosity. There is something else in a man that invites him to hazards and uncertainties for the sake of universal citizenship. They see straight, and their records are the only ones I trust. Being, nearly all of them, a blend of scholar, scientist and poet, their writing is not, professionally speaking, literary. It is odd to think of Cunninghame Graham regularly writing books; he is so little the dedicated litterateur. In spite of his developed and definite style, you need to be reminded that he comes of a fine old scribbling family.

Laird Nicol of Gartmore, that fell old carle, father of Doughty Deeds, was the author of that famous pamphlet, An Inquiry into the Causes Which Facilitate the Rise and Progress of Rebellions and Insurrections in the Highlands of Scotland (1747), a source of reference for Sir Walter Scott when he wrote Waverley, and Rob Roy. Robert Graham of Gartmore wrote good letters and a set of verses called, If Doughty Deeds My Lady Please, and got his family nickname by them. This Doughty Deeds Graham was a comfortably tough-skinned, tender-hearted, moral-minded and loose-living gentleman: he gave political allegiance to England, cultural obeisance to France, but his true love to Jamaica, that island where he passed his youth in a nice balance between the dissipations natural to his age and time, and the making of a career for himself. Withal he was Scotch and liberal, quite an eighteenth century product. He must have had wits and loveableness—I confess they are not clearly shown in this book. His portraits are against him, a pompous, roundish, squirish man with a ruddled eye and billowing chin. He tippled with Sheridan, and swapped political letters with Pitt, his idol and leader; provided for some, at least, of his Jamaican bastards, tenderly loved his fragile Creole wife, and was refreshingly free from pretense of any sort. His famous poem goes in the hand gallop that was the proper metre of the

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day. It is very doughty in its sentiments indeed, and he wrote it, probably for his own amusement, when he was lingering in his fifties. He was a reasonable man who knew the blight of logic when carried too far, and never connected his gout with his indulgence in port and rum. Thus he remained a pillar of the humanities until the end, leaving good memories and sound descendants. Still I prefer the grim old Laird, his father.

Now, as you read this book, there is a shadowy overlay of resemblance between these two and their descendant as he writes about them. Nothing tangible; it is in essence merely: but Cunninghame Graham can be placed; you feel there is a good accounting for him all along this vanished host of Scotch hard-heads and poets. He has a deliciousness of mind that they lacked, and that freedom which comes of having early got hold of the key of the world. He has been almost everywhere, and everything has had a meaning and an interest for him. "Still man exists, black, white, red, yellow and the Pintos of the State of Vera Cruz." He has got acquainted with enough of each kind and color to discover their under-the-skin likenesses and differences, and he tells of them not as if they were shows put on for his special amusement, but as human creatures that need not be hated, or despised, or feared, or improved.

I don't know if The Ipané is his first book. The preface makes me think it is, and the date is 1899. The contents, too, have that air of being snatched from the four winds and tied loosely together in a book. He has written short pieces about South America, Iceland, Arabia, Scotland, even Texas (just think, Texas was a foreign land to him!) and they have a rushing style; but there is time to put in everything: sidelights and scraps of information most travelers forget to add, so that when you see their country for the first time you are amazed at all they left out. There is this about these stories: you feel that the writer was a participant, not a looker-on. He tells what he knows.

In his story of Antonio Maciel, later called the Councillor, Mr. Graham has depended on Brazilian historians for his story, but creates the setting from his own knowledge of the country. It is a tale of religious frenzy and marvel that belongs, so you feel, to any age but this.

About thirty-five years ago, the mad prophet Antonio Conselheiro was killed, and his followers driven from his holy city in the desert, after a long siege by Brazilian government troops. His beginnings were simple. He married young, his wife deceived him with many men, and finally went away with one of them. Anonio bungled his case, thrashed a relative of the seducer and was sent to prison for a long term. He escaped and disappeared for ten years, and returned, emaciated, purified, in the garb of an anchorite.

To note that he is a marvelous subject for psychiatry is beside the point: almost everybody is. Mr. Graham tells his story without excursions into the new science, and thus considered, Antonio Conselheiro holds his own very well among the saints. He seems to have had the fervor of a Savonarola, without the senseless hatred and fury, and disciples flocked to him. At first, there were only outcasts, the simple, and women. Later came vaqueiros, lusty armed men on horseback, robbers and desperados of all sorts. It is curious to follow the history of a sect in the making, when the leader is sincere: seeing how a man, burning in his own fire, communicates that fire to others, where it burns to a different purpose and intent, so that they must lay down rules for the control of it. He became a saint to them, and the head of a schismatic sect—for they were all nominally Roman Catholic—they endured all persecutions and took to the Sertao, an almost impassable desert, and built themselves a city. His spiritual power over his city of ruffians grew until Church and State feared him, though he never concerned himself with their affairs, and they sent four bodies of soldiers, one after another, to reduce him. The chronicle of these sieges is too good to be mangled in re-telling. It is quite simply one of the best tales I have ever read. I think it must be superbly told, for I forgot the writing in the story.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER.

The Exploration of James

Henry James, Man and Author, by Pelham Edgar. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 351 pages. $5.

PROFESSOR EDGAR'S volume on James seems to be intended as a sort of guide-book. What is perhaps most needed now, in connection with James, is a thorough exploration of his fiction to find out what is actually in it—that is, precisely what is supposed to happen in each of his novels and stories and precisely what inferences we are supposed to draw. Bold in certain directions as James was—bold not only in the development of his form, but also in the selection of his themes—he wrote his fiction under heavy inhibitions, the result both of personal shyness and of the peculiar moral timidity of his race and day. He dealt with life, not superficially, as he has sometimes been accused of doing, but with a profound understanding of those forces which, even among the dreariest American tourists, even in the brightest London drawing-room, lie deepest beneath the surface; yet the motives of passion and greed which are at the bottom of so many of his books are precisely those which he has adopted a convention of rarely explicitly mentioning; and, as a result of some of the most important values being allowed to remain invisible in this way, the reader often finds himself bewildered, after finishing one of James's stories, as to just what has taken place. It is furthermore true that James's tone is habitually one of irony and that this makes it rather difficult for the ordinary reader of Anglo-Saxon fiction, who will none the less take irony for granted in a foreign writer like Anatole France, to understand James's real point of view; so that many monstrosities and fatuities of behavior on the part of James's characters, monstrosities and fatuities which he intends to figure as such, are often put down by his critics to James's defective sense of reality, which allows him to write of unnatural or ridiculous occurrences as if they were unexceptionable. Thus, Van Wyck Brooks has complained, in connection with certain of James's stories, that they might be comprehensible as satires, but that they were inconceivable as accounts of actual human conduct; yet these stories—The Figure in the Carpet, for example, as to which we have James's own explicit testimony—are certainly satires. So in James's critical and biographical writings, the tone is usually unctuous and complacent, but, before the essay or the book is finished, all the weak sides of the subject have been exposed and all his false pretensions sapped. It is, therefore, important that the critic of James should begin by getting him straight. When his readers used to complain that they did not understand his novels, James would reply that all the clues were supplied, if only the book were read with attention. And indeed all the puzzles in James seem possible—as they are most interesting—to solve. James knows precisely, to the last and obscurest motive, what story he is telling, and he knows why he is telling it, that is, he knows what significance he attaches to it. Criticism of James, as I say, should begin by establishing satisfactorily

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what happens in each of his stories, and from that point, and from that point only, proceed to a consideration of his work as a whole. Neither Mr. Brownell, Mr. Ford, Miss West nor Mr. Brooks has made any real attempt to do this: they all evade, in one way or another, the real difficulties of James; and, in consequence, they do not merely arrive at divergent opinions of the value of particular books, but even give contradictory accounts of what the books are about. When one saw that Professor Edgar's book was principally occupied with synopsis, one had hopes that these necessary researches had at last been made. But, though Professor Edgar writes of James with appreciation and with some intelligence, his book is disappointing. A good many of James's stories he plainly misunderstands, and others, like The Sacred Fount, he is content to give up altogether, confessing he can make nothing of them.

It would take a great deal of space to discuss at all adequately the problems raised by James's fiction; but I should like to point out a few of the matters which it seems to me ought to be definitely settled before any attempt is made to interpret it. In the first place, the aspect of James of which The Sacred Fount is the extreme example has always been a great stumbling-block. If the narrator of The Sacred Fount, who is the type par excellence of a whole group of James's heroes, is intended to be taken seriously, then the novel is ridiculous: what is the dignity or the interest of an individual who, as Miss West has said, expends as much intellectual energy on the unsuccessful attempt, at a week-end party, to pry into other people's love-affairs, love affairs in which he has no personal interest, as can ever have been applied by Kant to the composition of his Critique? What was James's motive in writing such a book and what feelings did he expect us to have about it? I think the answer will be perfectly plain if we examine a very similar story, The Aspern Papers. The Aspern Papers, like The Sacred Fount, is told by a person who is extremely curious about other people's affairs. Hearing that the mistress, now grown old, and the illegitimate daughter of a celebrated poet, now long dead, are still living on at Venice, he goes there, makes their acquaintance, becomes a lodger in their household and finally pays court to the daughter, herself by no means young, with the object of gaining possession of certain personal papers of the poet in the family's possession. The old lady, however, in the end, definitively foils his attempt by burning the papers. The point is that the passion of the narrator for uncovering the private affairs of even a great poet is thoroughly disreputable and that, in deceiving the daughter of the man whose genius he so much admires, he is behaving abominably. In this case, there is no doubt of James's attitude. The Sacred Fount is a little more equivocal; but, when one compares it to The Aspern Papers, one can no longer remain in doubt as to what James's intention is: one of the ladies upon whom the gentleman in The Sacred Fount is so diligently occupied in spying confronts him and puts him to rout, just as Miss Bordereau does with the hero of The Aspern Papers; he is still convinced that his findings are accurate; but "what I too fatally lacked was her tone." She is able to face him down, even when she is lying, because she has the forces of life on her side, the life from which this arid observer is not merely detached but isolated: The Sacred Fount, from which he sees his friends mysteriously receiving draughts which render them more amiable and more attractive, is not merely, as he has decided, in formulating his pedantic theory, their intercourse with lovers younger than themselves, but the fount of love itself to which he himself has no access and of which, in consequence, he has no true understanding. And when we have realized this, we become aware of the close connection between The Sacred Fount and many of James's other novels. From Mademoiselle de Mauves to The Ambassadors, James is preoccupied with the fastidious and scrupulous, but basically timid and undervitalized — the perhaps essentially American—type of man who is foredoomed to remain a spectator of life and never to experience either its suffering or its joy. James himself was such a man and he was able to see the type from all sides. Sometimes, as in The Europeans, he makes him gently ridiculous; sometimes, as in Mademoiselle de Mauves, he makes him dignified and almost heroic; sometimes, as in The Ambassadors, he makes him attractive and touching; rarely, as in The Beast in the Jungle, does he make him hysterically tragic.

And the other principal protagonist of James is the feminine counterpart of this type—the American, or the English, woman highly sensitive and intelligent, but with some Puritan blindness of the senses or atrophy of the emotions. James's special understanding of this type explains his taste for very young girls as heroines and his remarkable success with them. The scandals of The Awkward Age and of What Masie Knew derive their interest from the innocence of the heroines, who are not yet old enough to feel the passions of their elders and who do not really know what is going on. In some stories, as in the case of the male type, the innocent young girl is made comic: Professor Edgar quite misunderstands The Marriages, which Robert Louis Stevenson roared over: he supposes that James believes the heroine to have behaved admirably: the point is that through her complete inability to imagine the realities of sexual relationship, she has behaved disastrously and stupidly. With this clue, it becomes possible to understand some of the more submerged of James's themes: the comedy of The Reverberator arises from the utter sexual apathy of the heroine who, though she is so pretty that men are always falling madly in love with her, is none the less totally incapable of grasping what courtship and marriage mean and is quite content to go on eating marrons glacés, in a hotel parlor with her father and sister, all her life; the central subject of The Bostonians is the self-deception and self-incomprehension of the Lesbian Boston lady, who mistakes her attachment for a young girl evangelist for an inspiration to save the cause of feminism; and the tragedy of The Wings of the Dove lies in the fact that the exquisite but anæmic heroine, whose doctor has discovered that her condition is growing worse through emotional starvation, should be able to inspire interest only through her moral and, as it were, through her purely æsthetic qualities. This brings us to the most curious example of James's treatment of a subject of this kind: The Turn of the Screw. So far as I know, Miss Edna Kenton is the only critic who, in writing of The Turn of the Screw, has realized that it is not a ghost story at all: it is a story of hallucinations arising from sexual repression and the deceptions of the subconscious "censor," and manifesting themselves on principles with which we have been familiarized by Freud. If you doubt this, read James's preface and observe that, in the collected edition, The Turn of the Screw is not even included in the same volume with the ghost stories.

The "psychological" passages in James are usually occupied merely with sensation, with a sort of impressionism; they tell of a world only dimly apprehended by the characters. But the real psychology lies below and is part of a world that, by James himself, was apprehended clearly. At bottom, James was as scientifically modern and as "tough-minded" as his brother William.

EDMUND WILSON.

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Politics and Human Beings

Man and the State, by William Ernest Hocking. New Haven: Yale University Press. 462 pages. $2.

The Science and Method of Politics, by G. E. G. Catlin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 360 pages. $3.50.

IT is not easy to give a just account and estimate of Professor Hocking's book. The work is too rich and varied in contents for that. With no parade of learning, it is informed with great scholarship. Knowledge extends not only to the diversity of theory which complicates historic political philosophy, but to political events past and contemporary. While Mr. Hocking is a clear and vigorous writer, his plan calls for a certain diffuseness of treatment. Like a good teacher, he raises certain issues, suggests certain tentative conclusions, returns to the main problems with added material, introduces new material and opposed conceptions, makes his original suggestions more definite, and so on. These pedagogical traits which make for the education of the reader—provided he is willing to do some thinking as he reads—do not conduce to a summarized review. The attempt to present an outline results, more than is usually the case, in producing a skeleton which lacks the flesh and blood of the original.

In fine, the book is a presentation of the theory of the state which derives from the doctrines of German idealism, especially Hegel, which see in the state an externalization of will and reason. But the idealistic account is edited in a modern version. There is no recourse, in form, to the Absolute. The start is made from psychological conceptions and empirical material and without at any point exhibiting overt resort to metaphysical considerations. Yet the latter remain, to my mind, the sources of the ultimate premises. One who, like the present writer, accepts a different philosophy, can only say that, given the premises, Mr. Hocking has presented the conclusions in the form least repellent, most seductive, to modern empirical ideas—or prejudices, if you will.

His general formula is: "The form of the state's aim is the making of history; its substance is the making of men." History-making has two phases, the "commotive," by which the diverse impulses of men are brought into united purpose and action, making and remaking of groups; and "term-making," the arbitrative process of the judiciary and of legislation. The state, as the fullest and widest interpenetration of promoter and adjuster, is the maker of history. What is common to both functions is survey and revision of bare impulse by reflection, which, in introducing a common purpose, unifies, generalizes and renders permanent. Thus the commotive process takes the form of will, and the term-making the form of reason. Because men have to think about their manifold group-life as a *whole,* the outcome is the state, the objectified purpose and reason of men.

Here, implicitly, is the first of the unexamined fundamental premises, the idea of a necessary, inclusive and dominating totality. The point of view necessarily makes Hocking hostile to the theories which put emphasis upon groups, and which conceive the state as one among many forms of grouping. But I cannot see that, at bottom, his adverse criticisms rest upon anything more than an assumption of comprehensive totality. The assumption becomes explicit in his treatment of the purpose of the state. Here, too, the argument rests upon the unquestioned premise of monism. It is not enough to discover the functions actually exercised by states. These, according to him, are but fragments of a single unifying aim, which must be brought to light if we are to understand the state. Because of the all-inclusive character of the state and the oneness of its purpose, the state is the source and guarantee of all that is valid and valuable in every form of social life. The state is "a permanent order, an available storehouse of acquired wisdom, the conquest of disorder by peace, and of chance by impersonal reason and justice."

An empiricist, of a cynical turn, might remark that waging war instead of conquest by peace, and the maintenance and the interests of one class at the expense of those of other classes, rather than impartial justice, have been in fact the most characteristic phenomena of states. But it may at least be urged that Mr. Hocking exhibits an unrestrained tendency to assume that all values due to all forms of association, when they are reflected upon, are the work of the state. Thus, in relation to all other grouping, he says that the state is the means of making permanent all those which should, in the eye of reason, be permanent, and transient all those which ought to pass. He says that the emancipation of individuals from the overweening claims of special groups is the deed of the state. "The evolution of the state . . . makes individuals aware of themselves as ultimate denominators of all social groups." The conclusion follows logically from the assumptions of totality and monistic unity. Its agreement with facts is another matter. It is certainly arguable that the consequences of value which Hocking attributes to the state may be ascribed to other social conditions which have produced both modern states and the goods upon which he rightly sets store. The idea that forces, ultimately non-political, have generated states, groups and the liberation of individuals is certainly simpler than Hocking's imputation of all results to the state.

That the making of men is the substance of the state's aim is a conclusion reached largely on psychological grounds, involving the same premise of unity and totality. The "quest for power" is the fundamental and unifying thing in human nature. It is an instinct which is in all instincts. It is vital impetus itself; the craving for potency is life. Power is also part of every good end which the operation of the will to power achieves. But the will demands a permanent effect, and this can be secured only through a circuit of individual wills which gives unity and comprehensiveness—once more the state.

In conclusion, it should be said that Mr. Hocking's purpose is not the adulation of the state per se. Ultimate emphasis falls upon individuals. Each individual is a "micro-state." The state is the indispensable means of their realization of themselves, and as an indispensable means it is also an integral part of their achievement of themselves. Whether or not the underlying import of the Hegelian theory was to justify the power of the national state, the charge cannot be brought against Hocking. Rather, I should say, possessed of a philosophy which demands an objectified reason and will, he fastens upon the state to meet the specification.

Mr. Catlin's book is brilliantly written. Brilliance, however, implies reflection from a surface, while his account of the problem and method of a science of politics has depth and reach. His purpose is pragmatic, as Hocking's is not. He is not concerned with what the state *is* in essence and external idea, but with the question of how men are to control political forces for their good instead of being hurried by them to evil and catastrophe. The problem of control is central in his entire treatment. It leads him to commence with a discussion of the nature of history. For "to know history is to control power," and "history is the movement of all moving things and the knowledge of this move-

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ment; it is cognized change." Only as we know this movement, we are in a position to control that phase of the movement in which we are directly implicated. Otherwise, the moving situation fatally controls us. Knowledge of the relations of cause and effect in the historical world can alone save us from living in a dream-world. In the latter, consequences are taken as the results of wishes; in the historical world, he who wills the end must will the means.

Mr. Catlin then engages in a truly brilliant criticism of the various schools of history-writing: accumulation of facts, the humanistic treatment, subdivided into the homiletic and literary, the immersion or re-living theory of Croce, the Hegelian philosophy, the "scientific" historians. He then considers the general contrast of the utilitarian and poetic treatments of history. From each species he derives its contributing factor. He does full justice to the poetic and religious treatment of history—only the result is poetry and religious experience, not history, immediately appreciated values, not a method of control. Moreover, "to the precise degree to which history becomes out of touch with the practical problems of our own day, it approximates, if it is to remain valuable, to poetry." History cannot become a science, but it is, provided that the historian is aware of what it is about, the source and only source of the material of the social sciences, especially politics. History must be selective, and selection implies a dominating purpose—which, as we have already noted, is control. "The rise of the demand to understand the course of events, the underlying system, is the complement of the attempt to build up an educated citizen body, and is a demand which cannot be treated with contempt."

Catlin, therefore, takes issue with those who hold that history cannot be a source of political instruction because it is concerned with unique, unreduplicable events performed by unique individuals as well as with those who make it a bare record of past events. Human nature exhibits a certain consistency in human behavior, and history exhibits situations which are sufficiently similar to one another to evoke recurrent ways of dealing with them. The content of historical events may be infinitely diversified, but it manifests also certain generic and constant forms, social expedients and policies. These three things, human nature (as revealed in psychology), environmental difficulties and social expedients, supply the conditions of a genuine political science. "For the social scientist the study of History is the study of human method."

Political science, like physical and economic science, demands abstractions, for only through these do the constant and recurrent forms emerge from the welter of diversified and ever-changing content. Psychology gives the key to the abstractions to be made and used. "Political man" is a justifiable abstraction. But the subject-matter of politics is not the state or states, an assumption which is a survival of the struggle for supremacy between church and state. Political processes are not those which grow out of the activities of some sixty states, but those exhibited in acts repeated countless times a day. The student of politics must discover what is the political act, an act which is commonplace and constantly recurring in the everyday processes of living. The abstraction which Catlin himself fastens upon as the source of the hypothesis without which scientific method is impossible is that "man in his political actions is moved by the desire for power or, more precisely, to execute his own will." The whole tenor of Catlin's treatment makes it clear that he regards economic science as much more advanced than political, and that he is in search of a concept which will have the scope and fertility which the abstraction of acquisitive man has manifested. It would be true, I think, to his spirit to say that politics is as much hampered by restriction to states and their governments as economics would be if it were confined to public finance. From this point of view, the economic parallel to Hocking's effort would be to try to show that all the activities of private human beings to obtain the relief, comfort, security and prestige which come from wealth, are, in ultimate analysis, merely phenomena of public finance.

I regret that limitations of space forbid following Catlin through his account of the place of politics among the social sciences, a discussion which deals mainly with its relations to sociology, anthropology and psychology.

The impression left upon me by this book is one of wholesomeness, like a refreshing breeze blowing through a close atmosphere. It is a book to be reckoned with by all students of social affairs. It is a curious coincidence that Catlin and Hocking both assume the same psychological foundation: will and will to power. Yet the two have built radically different structures upon the same basis. Both may be wrong, but only one can be right. Mr. Catlin saves his will to power from being mythological by conceiving will as desire to attain one's ends when others are implicated. But I sometimes wonder whether all human theorizing would not be furthered by an agreement wholly to eliminate the word "will," at least for a generation or two. It is a popular term, having no place even in psychological science save as something to be analyzed, as presenting a problem. Back of the question of execution of purposes lies that of their formation. Mr. Catlin can hardly be blamed for omitting in this particular treatise consideration of that theme. But it is not a question which can be ignored in the discussion of politics itself, however inappropriate it may be to a preliminary discussion of its methods and problems. It is a problem having a psychological phase, but it is also a problem of the social sciences. Does politics accept aims as given to it and consider simply their execution? If so, the abstraction of political man can perhaps be maintained, but only at the expense of ruling out considerations of the greatest human concern. And I wonder what some of the younger economists will have to say about the virtual assumption that economics has attained such scientific status that it may be taken as a model for a sister social science. But in spite of these reservations and others which might be made, the book should serve as a definite and fresh point of departure, not only for "politicists," but for all occupied with the problems and methods of the human sciences, of ultimate highest concern for human beings.

JOHN DEWEY.

The Arabic Sources of Dante

Islam and the Divine Comedy, by Miguel Asín: translated and abridged by Harold Sunderland. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 295 pages. $5.

THE Spanish original of this translation appeared in 1919. The author is Professor of Arabic at the University of Madrid. He is a Catholic priest as well. Coming from such a source, the thesis that Moslem literature supplied sufficient models for the Divine Comedy caused a flutter among Dantist dovecotes—especially in Italy. It was intolerable to think of the supreme national and Catholic poet as in any sense a disciple of the paynim. Also, scholars, like statesmen, reluctantly admit correction of established frontiers—especially if rectification means having to master another and difficult tongue. Asín has

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remained far from silent in the controversy. The present translation is avowedly an appeal to a less prejudiced public. It is only a pity that some revision was not undertaken. Certain defects in the argument might easily have been removed—especially a rather pervasive tendency to force correspondences unduly. I may cite a few random instances.

Comparing the Comedy with the Isra—or legend of Mahomet's miraculous night journey from Mecca to Jerusalem—Asín remarks that "in both legends the first stage comprises the ascent of a steep mountain." Certain wild beasts prevent Dante from ascending. Presently, these are described as, in both stories, "barring the pilgrim's path to hell." They are bent on driving Dante thither. "As in Dante," says Asín, "Jerusalem is the starting-point of Mahomet's Mirai, or Ascension." Dante does not start from Jerusalem. Like his Moslem prototype, "before entering the celestial mansions, Dante has to be purified thrice in three different streams." He is cleansed the first time by dew, and far from any stream. Cato does not "with his own hands" wash Dante's face. "Matilda and Statius" do not immerse him in Lethe and Eunoe. For Dante, at least, the Cherubim are not nearest to the divine throne. It does not strengthen a dubious parallel to describe Dante's Eagle as "formed of myriads of resplendent spirits all wings and faces." The resplendence of Dante's blessed spirits hides all feature, and they have no wings. Spirits in Dante's limbo are not "acquainted and converse with both the blessed and the damned"—attractive as the idea is for limbo. Serpents do not, in Dante's hell, devour the thieves. They interchange natures. Biblical and mythological accounts do justify Dante putting the "giants" in hell. Mythology showed them rebels against "high Jove." Biblical commentators declared them "begotten by devils." Dante's tardy penitents are not "punished by being withheld indefinitely from the place of expiation." The period of their probation is exactly defined. It is not conveniently true that "no details are given" as to "the geometrical relationship" between Dante's three circles symbolizing the Trinity. Dante's circles must be concentric, or they would not be "d'una continenza," of one spatial content.

These are surely not wilful misrepresentations. In at least one highly important comparison, the author honestly but mistakenly weakens his own case. He admits that in the conception of beatitude "Dante adopted the point of view of a voluntaryist, and Ibn Arabi that of an intellectualist." In Paradise xxviii, 106-114, Dante explicitly professes the "intellectualist"—or Thomist—point of view. It is doubtless enthusiasm that occasionally blinds our author, the courage in excess of a great conviction. And the same sanguine mood betrays itself in such confident phrases as "this is undeniably a copy," or "clearly the model," or "evidently an adaptation," or "it is surely obvious that," etc. Sometimes he proves too much. If, for instance, Tundal before Dante recast the Moslem limbo into Christian form, there would be no need, as stated, for Dante to go back to a Moslem source.

Still, the Spanish scholar has made out a case that cannot, I think, be laid on the table. More, and perhaps more critical, investigation is called for—but it is called for. Antecedent probability is for, not against, his thesis. Two large historical facts support it. Whereas the Christian Church officially discouraged imaginative speculation about the future life, the Moslem rioted in such imaginings. The so-called precursors of the Comedy in Christian literature are bald and crude enough; whereas in Islam there lay at hand for Dante a huge body of eschatological material, both in widely disseminated popular legend and in philosophically indoctrinated allegory, strangely like his own. The second fact is that this literature flowered in European soil—in Sicily and Spain. It is significant that the Moslem writer closest in spirit and substance to Dante wrote in Spain only a generation previous. This is the Murcian poet, philosopher, mystic—Ibn Arabi.

Curious and disturbing as are Ibn Arabi's anticipations of the Divine Comedy, his anticipation of the dolce stil nuovo, in doctrine and expression, is perhaps even more so. He was the chief of a school of poetry which took for its theme love, conceived as at once violently passionate, and yet resolutely chaste. As denying nature, this ideal invited tragic treatment; as aspiring above nature, a spiritually exalted treatment. Ibn Arabi expresses both moods. So Guido Cavalcanti, Dante's "first friend"—though Guido stresses the tragic mood. Dante began in this tragic mood, but rises to, and dwells in, the "matter new and nobler" of spiritual exaltation. By strange coincidence, also, as in the Banquet, Dante meets the charge of sensualism by showing his love-poems as allegories, so precisely had Ibn Arabi done in his Dakhair, or Treasures of Lovers.

Asín marks also correspondences between Dante and Ibn Arabi in the higher reaches of metaphysics and even theology. But even to touch on these is beyond the possible scope of this review.

One thing is obvious. The more important of these Arabic documents should be translated—especially the salient writings of Ibn Arabi. Serious students of Dante may ultimately be driven to learn Arabic; but they will probably need further convincing. If they will not go to Mahomet, let Mahomet be brought to them.

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

The Poetry of Hart Crane

White Buildings, by Hart Crane. New York: Boni and Liveright. 77 pages. $2.

AT this hour I rage at the common practice of American reviewers in heaping superlative praise on mediocre books. For they have dulled the American ear with much shouting, jaded us to a sterile scepticism, and left me almost helpless before my need to distinguish Hart Crane from scores of respectable and talented poets.

Mr. Crane, whose first book, White Buildings, has just appeared, is different from these, not in degree but in stuff. It is not that he writes better than Miss Millay; or that he handles subtler rhythms than Sandburg; or that he tells a more tragical tale than Frost, or a more wistful than Eliot. All of this would be untrue and aside the point. Mr. Crane's poems are as distinct from those of other contemporary American poets as one metal from another.

This man is a mystical maker: he belongs to a group of poets who create their world, rather than arrange it; and who employ the idiom of their fellows with divine arbitrariness to model the vision of themselves. So Michelangelo used stone; so El Greco painted. But we have grown so docile before language (read: *realistic*) and our poets so prone to let language bespeak *them,* that we forget the poet's right, dynamically to make words express a vision which those words have never expressed before and which, hence, by the law of inertia, they resist expressing.

The obscurity of Hart Crane is his creative temper. If you go in a geometrical mood to El Greco, or in an anatomical to Michelangelo, you will find them, too, obscure. The surface means of Mr. Crane are traditional

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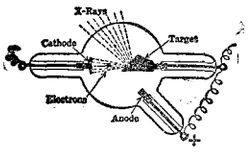
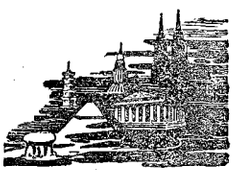
A Eunuch on duty. See copy on THE SON OF THE GRAND EUNUCH.



The Cathode tube blazed a path into the world of the atom. See THE ROMANCE OF THE ATOM.



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enough: in his prosody, in his rhythms, he is closer to his literary fathers than a dozen acceptable contemporary poets. It is the heart of his vision that is new. And it is in this essential matter that we are all debauched. We expect our poets to be superficially "new," and yet to be sure to tell us what we had before; to use words to tell us what those words have told before. That is why every age's Longfellow or Millay is pleasing. They are the soothers, in subtly disguised rhymes, of our half-shriven senses; the helpers of our need to be prettily confessed. But a Rimbaud—a Crane—are *makers*. They seize the raw stone, the hot metal of an inherited language; and from it, they *make*.

When Mr. Crane was fourteen or so, he wrote exquisite imagistic verse which you will not find printed in this volume. His outset, as Mr. Allen Tate makes clear in an introduction worthy of the volume, was that mastery of the current poetical forms to which most poets are satisfied to aspire. The man who could make this music:

> O, I have known metallic paradises
> Where cuckoos clucked to finches
> Above the deft catastrophes of drums.
> While titters hailed the groans of death,
> Beneath gyrating awnings I have seen
> The incunabula of the divine grotesque.
> This music has a reassuring way.

or this almost unequaled vision of the sea:

> —And yet this great wink of eternity,
> Of rimless floods, unfettered leewardings,
> Samite sheeted and processioned where
> Her undinal vast belly moonward bends,
> Laughing the wrapt inflections of our love;

clearly deserves the common praise accorded to magicians of the word. And doubtless, had Mr. Crane stopped with his pictorial genius and nursed it and exploited it, he would not be the obscure poet he is likely ever to remain. But he has taken his mastery of verse as a mere tool: he has grasped his power, as sure and careless as he could, for his commanding purpose. And this purpose is the creating of absolute images *from* words, for the experience of his reader.

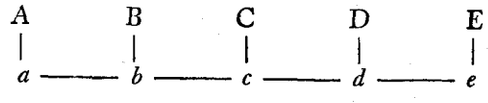
"Take this sea," he goes on from the last stanza I have quoted:

> Take this sea, whose diapason knells
> On scrolls of silver snowy sentences,
> The sceptred terror of whose sessions rends
> As her demeanors motion well or ill,
> All but the pieties of lovers' hands. . . .

What indeed is the poet doing? It is not easy to tell. Yet if you will follow his intention here, you will be within the threshold of a wondrous art—of a true poetic: and whether such a journey is worth your effort, you, who devote twenty hours to get from Chicago to New York, may decide for yourself.

Mr. Crane infuses his own sense and vision into a vision (here) of the sea: and his sense of the sea into his own vision. From that swirling congeries of vibrant charges (positive, negative—electric) which make up his consciousness, he creates a new poetic Atom. You will find in the successful poems of this man no statement: for statement is judgment, and the ingredients of his process antedate judgment, being indeed the "protons and electrons" of his vision.

A diagram may clear his difficulty, his distinction fro. other poets, and his value as an artist:



The lower line denotes what we shall call the sequence of thoughts and sensations in the poet's mind. *a,* for instance, might be primarily thought or sensation; mediately, of course, it is both. As a mediate term in a sequence, it flows into *b*. But as an organic whole, it throws up the image A which appears on paper. The complex *a* has now flowed into *b*: *b,* an analogous complex, throws up B which is the second image to appear in the written poem. And so on, to *e*—and to E.

You have here, then, two successions, *abcde* and ABCDE, of which only the latter actually appears as the poem. Our logical sense and our sensory waking mind, however, accept only the sequence *abcde*. ABCDE is not a sequence at all; it is a *structure*. It is a group of images seemingly independent of the time-sequence, of the space-sequence, of the cause-and-effect or logic-sequence which denote our phenomenal world, and without which our sense and thought in the phenomenal world are illogical and unthinkable. ABCDE is a constructed image of a *noumenal* world; phenomenal qualities and sequences are implicit in its creation, (the relation between *abcde* and ABCDE): so that we possess in ABCDE an immediate experience of a world mystically arising from our categories of time-space-logic, yet somehow transcending them as flame transcends—the material which burns—or as the Real transcends and yet inheres in the Apparent.

In the æsthetic expression of this process lies the importance of Hart Crane. Whether he always succeeds—whether always his poem is a structure ABCDE arising from the poet's sensory and logical process *abcde,* is a question which the reader must answer for himself. I do not feel that Mr. Crane succeeds uniformly. Very often his poems fall apart, for me, into mere heaps of rhetorical beauties—of marvelous glimpses that subside in darkness, lacking both the phenomenal and the noumenal Logos. But when he does succeed—as in For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen, At Melville's Tomb, Lachrymæ Christi, the corybantic Wine Menagerie or the six Voyages—he succeeds on a level which stands hierarchically first; since the one true hierarchy in the world is that of consciousness and of experience of the Real.

WALDO FRANK.

Contributors

BURTON RASCOE, formerly literary editor of the Chicago Tribune and the New York Herald Tribune, writes a syndicated daily column under the title, The Daybook of a New Yorker, and a syndicated weekly article on books.

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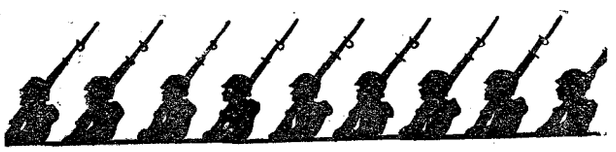

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